



# SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Things in General

THE holiday time has unfortunately become a period for undue expenses and unusual struggles for a change of scene and circumstance. Instead of occasionally taking a holiday when sick or weary, people by common consent have arranged to go somewhere together and make discomfort unanimous in search of a pleasant day's outing. I know I am not alone in detesting holidays, for the majority of those who are not employed to labor for a given number of hours per day hate to find all the accessories of their work missing, and are forced either to suspend operations or to tackle the nasty job of cleaning up one's desk or going through one's duds to see what can be got rid of to relieve the pressure. Of course there is the other alternative of holidaying with the rest, but I really think I prefer housecleaning.

Of all the holidays, however, which leave one with a sense of being out of the procession and away back in the rear of the crowd, is the holiday which comes in the holiday time. Last Monday seemed to me about the limit of desolation in Toronto. Already the street on which I live was deserted, and I was feeling aggravated that even the children who occasionally play house on our doorstep had been removed to Muskoka or some other congenial clime. But when the week-end-and-Monday-over holiday came tumbling in like a noiseless downpour of silence, I felt my loneliness in a house entirely inhabited by myself. It is a time when one is apt to be given over to thoughts of how the world has changed since in youth a holiday was a godsend, a thing to be prayed for and even well-behaved for.

Yet I would rather have a holiday time in a deserted house than join as a belated pilgrim in the homecoming of an Old Boys' excursion. Great Christmas! that is the limit of pleasure-hunting. One goes to places grown unfamiliar by years of absence, walks in a parade, listens to speeches made by those who cannot speak, hears addresses that never ought to have been read, and worst of all, goes in search of faces which have either faded away or grown strangely and pathetically unfamiliar. It seems to me vastly better to preserve the gentle imaginings that one has of one's native place and the friends of many years ago, than to go back and find everything and everybody changed. If by chance on return to a once familiar spot one meets a friend of other days, the surprised or rapturous pleasure of recognition is apt to be the only pleasant episode. This is a fair sample of the conversation which ensues: "By gracious, I am glad to see you!"—"Not gladder than I am."—"Gosh, how you have changed. You're thinner, ain't you?"—"Well, you don't seem to be much thicker."—"Where are you livin' now?"—"Oh, in Toronto. I suppose you're in the old place?"—"Yes, but it has changed a heap. How're you doin'?"—"First-rate. How're you doin'?"—"Oh, first-rate. 'Bout the old way. Are you comin' to see us now you're here?"—"No, I won't have time. By the way, how many children have you got?"—"Oh, we had six, buried three, two of the others married. How many have you got?"—"Four. Got 'em all alive, but none of 'em at home. Kind of gettin' back to the old place where we started."—"Good weather for the crops, ain't it?"—"Yes, it looks like we would have a big harvest."—"Well, remember me to your wife when you go home if you don't come to see us, but come if you can."—"Remember me to Mary. Tell her I often think about when we used to go to singing school together."—"Great time, wasn't it? Well, I must be goin'."—"Good-bye."—"Well, good-bye. If you ever come to Toronto, come and see me."—"Well, good-bye. May be up Exhibition time."—"Well, good-bye. Be sure and come."—"Well, good-bye." And with a feeling of mutual constraint we part, and this is the homegoing, in nine cases out of ten, except on an occasion of domestic interest, when a flood of family ties or a mutual happiness, or family sorrow, brings the nearness which seems to obliterate the lapse of time and the changes wrought since early youth. It seems to be one of the sorrows unavoidable to the passing of the meridian of life, that the friends near to one die and the friends from whom one is separated lose their identity and value owing to lack of some common interest in something now going on.

A VERY sensible letter appeared in one of the morning papers asking that the tally-ho coaches on Sunday cut out the tooting of their horn. The writer was evidently not a strict Sabbatarian, but urged that the prejudices of the church folk be regarded in the matter of doing away with a noise which at best on an ordinary morning is none too pleasant to the ear.

Toronto has too many street noises; too many bells are ringing, too many discordant announcements of the hour, of fires, of churches, and many other things which grate upon the ears of the nervous and disturb the rest of the sick and weary. Take Sunday, for instance. Why should so many bells be rung at the time of church service and for Sunday school? Those who propose to attend church or any religious service are quite well supplied with timepieces, and the jangling and the clanging might very well be done away with. It is pleasant to hear tuneful chimes, but the mere clanging of a bell is out of date. In New York and many principal cities, I am told, Sunday bells are not allowed except in churches. Fire alarms, except in dangerous and threatening conflagrations, have been done away with, and nobody is allowed to ring a bell without a permit. I think by general consensus of opinion not only the tally-ho horn, but the church bells, and excepting Big Ben time bells in general, might be dispensed with.

On week days the liberties taken with the ear in residential districts are barbarous. Every morning I am called from slumber to wakeful reflection by a succession of Jews who cry, in every variation of Russo-Anglo-Hebrew accent, "Rex, bots! Ragas, bottas! Ra-ags, bot-ols!" The fishman has departed, but hitherto he has chased the "ole clo" man closely with his cry of "Sa-almon trout and wite fish! Herring, fresh herring! Fresh fish!" The man who beats them all is one who peddles fruit, and his cry is like that of a calypso with all the plugs shoved in but one. "Raspberries ripe! Raspberries! Three for a quarter, six for a half a dollar! Raspberries, raspberries, raspberries ripe!" In the strawberry time his announcement of the fruit he is vending can be heard for half a dozen blocks, and when his throat gets tired his assistant takes up the cry. An enterprising Italian has worked up the calypso section of his neck and he drifts slowly past my window with "Bananas! Bananas ripe! Three-a banan for-a ten-a cent!" This whole business ought to be forbidden, and fish hawkers and fruit vendors put on the same basis as the vegetable man, who has his customers and goes quietly to the doors where he is expected. Probably the vegetable men would shriek their wares if it were profitable to do so, but in the section of the city where I live it is not their habit. I am not urging that the street vending should be stopped, for while the fruit and vegetables offered may not be equal to those for sale in the stores—such, I think, is not the experience of people—yet they are useful competitors to the shops, which seem to have forgotten the limit that prices should reach. With the multitude of by-laws existing in Toronto, many of them useless, there certainly might be one forbidding the ringing of bells except chimes, the shrieking of fruit vendors, and the wearing and monotonous wail of the Jew in search of "rex, bots."

KAISER WILHELM SECOND—to none—is liable to establish himself as the national busybody of the world. No matter where there is political trouble, the Kaiser butts in. In Morocco he saw a chance to insert his finger into a pie which was none of his making, and he brought Europe to the verge of war. He also brought the Sultan of Morocco to an understanding of the delicate situation he will be in, if not only the nations with real interests on the Mediterranean, but Germany and other foreign powers, are brought together to consider not only how he should act but whether

he should exist. The latter suggestion makes him uneasy, and now it is said that his enthusiasm for the conference has died out.

The Czar, overburdened by his troubles at home and in Manchuria and with the Japanese, sought or yielded to solicitation in the matter of a conference with Billie the Busy, and in diplomatic circles the result has made both the Czar and the Kaiser look smaller than they were. The Czar has busied himself about closing the Baltic Sea, and again Billie of Berlin has seemed like a noisy street musician rather than an accomplished diplomatist.

In the matter of deciding who shall be King of Norway the Kaiser has been busy, and will eventually find himself defeated. In the end fussy folk make too many enemies and never dominate communities, whether they be religious, social or national. Those who try to do nothing but what is within their power, and attempt to demonstrate their supremacy only at supreme moments, make the greatest showing. Probably the Kaiser's whole programme is made up of bluff as far as other nations are concerned, but he should remember that the world is now too big to be bluff, that the great poker game of politics has too many people in it, each with too large a wad to be raised by a four-flusher, and that he will suddenly find himself called by everybody at the diplomatic table. With France he cannot hope to effect an alliance; with England never. The Russian people are sore on him, if the Czar is not; the United States regards him as the greatest four-flusher in the business and the one most likely to organize Europe to abrogate the Monroe Doctrine; Austria dare not adhere to him lest it be absorbed. Italy's safety lies in its

decide the result. It is to be feared that the great nations do not recognize that Russia's defeat does not come from Japan alone, but is being largely caused by the discontent boiling up amongst her own people.

Any limitations placed upon reasonable terms of peace as demanded by Japan will simply prolong the war and postpone the reforms now imminent in Russia. Possibly there exists no greater factor in the decision of the outcome of the conference than President Roosevelt. This is his opportunity to prove that he is not a bumptious Rough-Rider, a man of impulse and impracticable methods, to a certain extent a Kaiser William with republican surroundings. He may think it possible that by siding with Russia he may make Japan look small and himself appear large. He may think that by curbing the ambitions of Japan he may benefit the United States and minimize what seems to some of the people of this continent a yellow peril, and in this respect appear large. He may hold in his mental balance—the existence of which some people deny—what the world will esteem a fair settlement of terms and be able to compel their observance. If he can do this he may prove himself great; if he fails he will look exceedingly small.

NO one is likely to be misled by newspaper reports as to what the Russian or Japanese peace plenipotentiaries are alleged to be giving out to the press. Men charged with so important a mission are not apt to be loose-tongued, though they may have associated with them men whose utterances are intended to be used as a bluff. Absolute secrecy is a certainty so far as the work of the Peace Conference is

Catholic Church of the United States, though there is no announcement that it is the outcome of the Roman campaign. A movement all along the Roman Catholic line to present a solid religious front in an effort to obtain concessions with regard to religious education must be met by the unbroken phalanx of non-Catholics, which is by no means composed entirely, though in greater part, of the communicants of the so-called Protestant churches. It is to be feared that a convention composed principally of bishops and preachers who are anxious to unload the burden of teaching religion to the young, may favor the introduction of the Bible into the Public schools as a religious text-book and give the Roman Catholic Hierarchy an excuse for demanding exemption from school taxes and the attendance of the children of their adherents at the Public schools. With unfailing dullness of perception the leaders of non-Catholic churches have ceased to protest against anything except violation of Sabbatarian laws—have, with the exception of the Baptists, united in an unceasing clamor for the introduction of the Bible into the Public school, and I am afraid that they are not even yet convinced that their propaganda is the foundation upon which the Roman Catholics base their arguments for Separate and State-aided instruction. If the so-called Protestants are to teach any variety of religion in the Public schools the Roman Catholics have a right to protest, and it is a fundamental principle of public instruction that nothing shall be taught to unsettle or destroy the belief of anyone who has a right to use the school. The Nonconformists in England, who are having so much difficulty with Anglican schools, have themselves to blame for supporting the idea of any sort of religious instruction being undertaken by the State. However, it is too soon to anticipate trouble, for no matter what the convention of non-Catholic churches unite upon, the people of the United States are too much alive to the danger of sectarian schools replacing the public ones to endorse, or even permit to remain unassailed, any position endangering the little red schoolhouse.

Aside from the educational question, there is much for this convention, overloaded as it appears to be with bishops and dignitaries, to consider. The period when churches were contentious over doctrines has passed, and it is to be hoped that the alarm which generally pervades religious people lest the whole fabric of formal and denominational religiousness may be overturned, may lead to a discussion of how to be good and sincere, and evolve a principle which will permeate the people and not simply be an empty profession. The religious of China and Japan are a part of the conduct, everyday thought and impulse of the people, and Japan has demonstrated how much this means to the life of the nation. Roman Catholicism, to which I have no objection except that it obtrudes itself as a political and national factor desiring to dominate where it should be educational, is far ahead of so-called Protestantism in enveloping and saturating its adherents with the great motive of the Church. Its political pretensions I believe to be preposterous and destructive of democratic government or civil government of any kind; and as the people of the United States are more generally awake to the meaning of Catholic aggression than we are in Canada, it is not at all improbable that this great convention may settle itself down to the work of evolving something in the nature of a distinct religious impulse stronger than political partisanship and nobler than self-aggrandizement, which shall have not only the well-being of the individual, but of the nation, as its chief temporal aim. How the delegates may agree to walk together on the heavenward road in peace and unity seems to me a much less important matter for the convention to discuss, for after all everyone individually, and no matter to what denomination he or she may belong, must ultimately work out the project for himself or herself. It must be remembered that we are not going to heaven in bunches, nor under the guidance of a convention, a hierarchy or a creed, but each one singly, perhaps sorrowfully, but always alone. In nation-building we have to act as a unit, or as the dominating one if there be sections. For the maintenance of good government we must work together; but hitherto in Canada, though not in the United States, the majority, owing to divisions, trivial prejudices and a desire either to exalt a denomination or to make use of religion as a cloak, has permitted the minority, acting as a unit, to have more to do with making our laws and shaping our future than the majority. The non-Catholic denominations of Canada might very well meet and look the danger that is threatening us in the face. The people of the United States seem to have a genius for organization which we are lacking.

WHILE I feel that little public interest is being taken in politics while the nimble dollar is being chased so eagerly, I take the liberty of publishing a personal letter which well represents such public opinion as seems to remain free from the chloroform of money-lust. As his name is not given, I am sure my correspondent will excuse the liberty I have taken with his letter, which follows:

"Some weeks ago I read, with much pleasure, your able, pointed and truthful remarks in your open letters to our great (1) able (2) and honest (?) Premier, and although rather late in the day, perhaps you may be pleased to learn from one of your readers that I consider you are doing a great kindness to your country in criticizing, as you did in those letters, the acts of as big a hypocrite as ever ruled the destinies of this Canada of ours. I am, and have been since 1896, independent in politics, with perhaps a leaning towards the Conservative side (all things being equal), but in view of the latest 'steal,' for steal that salary grab certainly is, I am, I confess, at a loss as to which side to support or which to condemn. When one sees the 'loyal Opposition,' led by a man of whom I, at least, expected more and better things, actually joining hands with the Government (mis-government seems to me the better term) in boosting what are euphemistically called 'indemnities,' 'judges' 'salaries' and ex-Ministers' 'retiring allowances,' all grabs under other names, it makes me hot under the collar.

"I do not deny that the Premier is entitled to a larger salary than has been, and whilst the leader of the Opposition may perhaps have some claim to remuneration, still, on the other hand, it seems to me somewhat anomalous that one man should be paid a big salary to introduce directly or indirectly certain measures, supposed to be for the good of the country, whilst another should get paid a proportionately large salary to oppose, carp at, and find fault with them. As your legal friend, whose remarks you published in your issue of the 5th instant, says, most of the judges are amply repaid under the old schedule, and many (not all, of course), are paid too well under that schedule, considering their ability! The so-called retiring allowance (or pension) to ex-Ministers is to my mind indefensible. What the deuce do the Tupper, Mulock, Sifton, et hoc genus omne (whose credit when I was a fellow townsman of his in 1885-7 was no better than mine as a clerk at \$50 a month, and now he is reputed to be a millionaire), want, or rather need, a pension of \$3,500 a year? In conversation recently with an old friend and new Member, I was informed that he went down to the House with the intention of fighting the proposed 'pension' scheme (but not the members' increased sessional indemnity, oh, no!), but was informed by the chief whip, Mr. Taylor, I believe, that there was to be no 'fighting.' What does this go to show? That a private member has no power to act for himself or his constituents, but has to do as the leaders say and speak when he has their august permission. He (the member referred to) took a great deal of satisfaction in pointing out that he would not sign the 'round robin,' a small crumb of comfort, I should say. The whole thing looks to me as if Mr. Borden and his followers had shaken hands with that prince of double dealing, Laurier, and practically saying, 'Right, old pal, we'll take what we can while we are in Opposition, and our turn will come to hand out your share of the haul some day.' Were I able to put my feelings and thoughts into language good enough for publication, I would not hesitate to ask you to



SUMMERING WITH THE BABY.

hereditary attachment to Great Britain. Spain and Portugal do not count; and even if the Kaiser allied Denmark, Holland and Belgium and Norway or Sweden and attached them to his purpose, it would be a weakening in the face of the balance of Europe, and impossibility when American interests join an alliance to oppose him. Altogether, the Kaiser is apparently hurrying to demonstrate that he is another Czar waiting to have the wind kicked out of him. His only possibility, it seems to me, is the Lord's Day Alliance, and even there he would be lost, as the promoters of it are even fussier and more busy than he.

THE world is reorganizing itself, in obedience, perhaps, to some great law of evolution with which we are not acquainted. We cannot judge the progress of this century by the strides made in the past. Telegraph and postal services have put people far separated geographically in close communication with each other. The discoveries of science are reported in the daily papers and cabled to all parts of the world, and affect the thought and action of those who are unacquainted with the language spoken and the methods followed by the scientists, the result of whose work is brought to their observation. Moreover, cosmopolitanism has made impossible the secrecy with which nations made preparation for war with one another. Japan is probably the last nation to go on record as able in a partial way to conceal her purpose or her methods. Commercially, philosophically, socially, and to some extent religiously, the nations of the world are acting together, not by concerted plan, but by reason of self-interest and individual knowledge of world conditions. Brutal and fool wars such as the one between Russia and Japan may continue to occur, but the nation at the brutality and fool end of the conflict may expect to be beaten and left without sympathy. It will probably be the last demonstration of bloated autocracy unbacked by the sympathy of the people going out to battle and being whipped to a finish. The world is admittedly changing, and no matter how the peace conference between Japan and Russia culminates, peace will be effected and Russia humiliated. Japan is not big enough to do it, but Russia's internal unreadiness to continue the war will

concerned, until it is over. Diplomats are schooled in evading every point to be settled until they fully measure the minds of their opponents. The differences between the two nations may be so great that the Conference may end abruptly, but we may be sure that nothing will be said or done until each is thoroughly seized of what is in the mind of the other. This is not the first time that the Jap and Russian have met to discuss differences or make terms, and the greatest difficulty will probably arise from the fact that hitherto (at St. Petersburg in 1890, 1897 and 1894) Russia held the shears and the Jap was the sheep to be shorn. The reversal of the position will make it hard for the Russian envoys to arrange a peace of such a sort as will leave them with face enough to go home.

A NEW YORK despatch announces that 24 religious denominations, containing 18,000,000 communicants, have each appointed from 5 to 50 delegates to meet in that city on November 15 to take part in an inter-church conference on federation. The delegates will hold a week's session in Carnegie Hall, the object being the federation of the Protestant forces of the United States. "Sixty speakers have been placed on the programme, and the presiding officers include five bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church, six bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, one of the Reformed Episcopal Church, one of the Moravian body, and representatives of the Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist and other denominations, two U. S. Supreme Court justices, two judges of State courts, a U. S. Senator, a Congressman, a Governor, a Mayor, and several college presidents and professors, editors and ministers." The discussion will cover "religious education, the social order, evangelization, home and foreign missions, fellowship of faith, the national life and Christian progress." The programme promises local denominational rallies and other things, not least of which is a reception to the delegates at the Waldorf-Astoria. The chairman of the executive committee is Dr. William Henry Roberts of Philadelphia.

This movement and meeting are necessary as an offset to the federation of all the societies and sodalities of the Roman



publish this, but I write now to you personally to congratulate you on your stand on recent events, but before closing I would like to ask, "What are we going to do about it?" It seems as if it doesn't matter for whom you vote, you'll wish you'd voted for the other. But perhaps it's a long lane that has no turning, and some day we shall have men representing us who can and will consider the interests and welfare of their constituents; some day, after you and I are dead and gone, votes will be given on principle and not for mere dollars, which is so much the vogue now, but until then the public will, I suppose, have to bow our necks to the yoke imposed on us by our rulers, whom we, or some at least of us, sent to Ottawa as our "representatives." We resemble very much the frogs of the old fable who became dissatisfied with a log for king, and in reply to their prayers to Jupiter were favored with a stork, who immediately proceeded to devour them. With best wishes and assurances of my and my family's warm appreciation of your writings, etc."

THE mixture of crawling, posing, hypocrisy and cynicism which passes for a political code in Canada found its climax in last Saturday's *Globe*, which, under the heading "The Alberta Liberals," congratulates the new provinces on the first "convention of a political sort held in the North-West since the boundaries of the two new provinces have been determined." The *Globe* hails with delight this evidence that the North-Western Grits are imbued with the ideas which are embodied in the first resolution in the platform adopted: "Adhesion to Liberal principles and traditions and to responsible government." The *Globe* also shakes hands with itself that every one of the fifteen planks adopted was received with unanimity and adopted without a division.

This sort of thing grates strangely on the ears of those who were accustomed to sharp discussions in Liberal conventions. Old Liberalism found its chief difficulty in the diversity of opinion naturally existent amongst the radicals who composed the party. It is not so now. The machine end of the party is unanimous. Its desire is power; its principles are (nothing), with the rim knocked off; its methods pandering; its terms the purchase of federal votes by the use of increased indemnity, senatorships, lieutenant-governorships, government contracts, offices, etc.

The organization of the Alberta Liberals is to be welcomed by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Premier of this country, and a number of his Ministers who will stand sponsor for the baby which is to be christened at the beginning of next month. The infant is of their making, its swaddling-clothes of the pattern they have chosen, its cradle the gerrymander they have put through. From the hands of the Premier this misbegotten child is to be placed in the arms of the priest who christens it "Alberta." Its schooling is already provided for; the political atmosphere in which it is to live has been created; the Premier who is to direct its energies has been chosen; a suitable Lieutenant-Governor has also been selected, and the baby has only to learn to walk in the road that leads to Ottawa and to Rome in order to receive birthday presents from its godfather, the Premier. Despite these elaborate preparations for the bringing up of the Alberta infant in the way it should go, there is a possibility that it may go in the future, as it has gone in the past, regardless of party and regardless of Rome. It may after various difficulties select a non-partisan or non-Grit Premier, but sufficient notice has been given to it that such a course would be attended by hundreds of small difficulties and enormous litigations which the new settlers may not feel in the humor to encourage. One thing is sure, Sir Wilfrid and the imposing retinue of Cabinet Ministers who will attend him at the christening of the new province will not fail to suggest the advisability of the baby being properly brought up and made to mind its "Pa." The touching incidents attendant upon the Saskatchewan christening will be very similar, and it is doubtful if the people in that section of Canada, so deeply engrossed in harvesting and marketing their crops, will detect the sinister purpose of those who are colonizing the North-West with a racial and religious, rather than a national, purpose. That the sinister, ulterior purpose of the Government is being defeated by the enormous influx of settlers from the United States cannot be overlooked, and the impression of their efforts will be regarded as significant. It is the Government's purpose to cradle the North-West in Popery, gerrymandering, and the corruption of public men by the gift of offices. If it fails in this attempt it will be because the farmers from the United States will stand aghast at such a brazen attempt to debauch the electorate in favor of a political church and a corrupt government. For the first time in the history of Canada we are next to the proposition of United States importations preventing the sinister purposes of a Romanized government being accomplished. Without any doubt this brings us in closer political sympathy with the United States and its institutions than we have ever been—a sympathy which the

people of Ontario and Eastern Canada have with success kept out of their political programmes.

The *Globe* in its wabbling and insincere way expresses some doubt of how far partyism may be successful in the government of a new country hitherto governed on the no-party principle. It says, "While this may appear to some political observers regrettable, apart from the fact that it is inevitable there is much to be urged in defence of the action taken by the Alberta Liberal convention. Though it is open to criticism as a theory, government by party has proved itself an effective and useful system in practice (not under the present régime). The Liberals having put on record the ideals they intend to realize, the Conservatives will feel constrained to imitate them, and in this way their respective propagandas will exercise an educative effect on the electorate." Will the *Globe* or any other Grit organ be kind enough to explain to us "the ideals they intend to realize?"

What are the ideals of the Liberal party? Instead of being economists they have proved themselves spendthrifts.

Instead of being free traders they have become protectionists in order to obtain revenue for extravagant expenditure.

Instead of reforming the Senate they have added to its numbers, colonized it with Grits, raised the indemnity of useless senators from \$1,000 to \$2,500 a year.

Instead of watching the details of expenditure, they have practically dismissed the Auditor-General, who was the watchdog of the treasury.

Instead of defending provincial rights they have endeavored to destroy them.

Instead of making Quebec a unit of representation in Confederation they have made Quebec the dominant influence both in representation and impulse.

Instead of checking Separate schools they have been insidiously inserted in the Yukon, made permanent in the North-West, and in every way extended in their influence throughout Canada.

Instead of minimizing subsidies, no sea coast town in the Maritime Provinces with Grit tendencies has been left without an appropriation for a wharf, pier, or some protective and preposterous addenda.

Instead of reducing the appropriations for the Trent Canal and other extraordinary ventures, it would seem as if no constituency and no official Grit is considered so poor that he should not have a canal or a railroad.

Instead of holding back the extraordinary revenues of good times that in periods of greater stringency we might have a surplus to draw upon, the Canadian Government is shoveling out, by the tens of millions of dollars, funds intended at the same time to build the Grand Trunk Pacific and enrich dominant Liberals who are to be given contracts.

Instead of cutting off the building of absurd postoffices and expensive custom houses in country towns, these spendthrift schemes are increased in number and enlarged in extravagance.

Instead of separating the Government from scandalous connection with electoral frauds, the Laurier Government has made itself conspicuous by not only prostituting the judiciary in aid of its propaganda, but has endeavored to win the good will of men on the Bench by adding to their salaries sums which they did not and could not earn in private practice before their employment.

Instead of inviting sturdy Opposition they have endeavored to chloroform it by providing a salary for the leader of the Opposition and pensioning members of Cabinets destroyed for their inefficiency or lack of sympathy with the honest and most effective impulse of the Dominion.

These things have been the practice and have become concrete as a part of the policy of the present Government.

How are we to separate this frightful incapacity, this prostitution of power voted to the Administration on grounds entirely opposed to its practice, from what the *Globe* in its pulp style and pusillanimous propositions would have us believe to be the ideal of the Liberal party? What is the use of having an ideal, pharisaical and far-fetched as it may be, when in practice the real thing and the nearly realization of what is the base and mean purpose of the Government cannot escape the observation of the most careless? To talk about ideals and at the same time to trade in the subversion of principles is not only silly, but debauching. All of us have ideals which are far beyond anything observable in our practice. No harm is done by having as our motto *ad astra per aspera*; but if we endeavor to prove to our neighbors that we are endeavoring to reach the stars through difficulties while wallowing in the mud of indecent politics or indecent practices, we make it impossible for others to be convinced that a star should be their objective point though the difficulties of the road to it may be easy. It seems to me far better to confess the meanness of our practices and to grope in a general and perhaps ineffectual way to find the hand of someone who is willing to join us in a search for the good, not necessarily the infinitely good. Perhaps I have taken too much space and too frequently resorted to the topic of trying to be sincerely good in a small way as being infinitely preferable to being infinitely bad in a pharisaical and yet apparently popular effort to appear to be ambitious for the infinite.

To return to the text, the whole matter may be summarized that the Ottawa Government, or such section of it as is considered likely to be useful, is going to Alberta and Saskatchewan to kick those new provinces into an unholy shape, and that the whole business is to be sanctified by a few squirts of holy water and ebullitions of unholy pharisaism on the part of such papers as the *Globe* and of such partisans as follow it in its policy.

A PRACTICAL protest to the yellow journalism of today comes from Chicago, the city which has been called a "pocket edition of hell." Chicago is apparently desirous of bringing forth fruits meet for repentance, for it has now given to the world a new form of daily paper, somewhat after the pattern of the *Chicago Daily Tribune*, which in 1897 was a "journal of verified news," from whose columns the *risqué*, in any form, has been entirely eliminated. Nothing appears that cannot be read aloud in the family circle. No advertisers of tobacco or booze need apply. Those who decry the sensational journal will be pleased to learn that this prodigy will confine itself as far as possible to the "pleasant happenings of life" and the "virtuous phases of human nature." It will employ the best writers available. Because of the careful sifting of the daily news, the paper will consist of only four ordinary newspaper pages, but the price will be a popular one—just a dollar per year. It is confidently promised that a circulation of five hundred thousand will be reached in five years. Should the experiment prove successful its influence upon the press of America should be very marked, but it is trying to do too much. It is the high imputation of a paper which counts and not the putting of its news and ads. through too fine a sieve.

After all, it is just possible that the yellow journal may be too strongly condemned. The basic emotions of human nature are much the same in both the cultured and the ignorant. The very people, as a recent writer has said, who affect to despise the racing-reports of the yellow press, attend in thousands the play of *Ben-Hur*; yet the whole interest of both the racing-reports and the play centers around a horse-race. The tragedies of Shakespeare and the operas of Wagner are filled with battle, murder, tragedy, and sudden death—first-class copy for the yellowest of journals; while even the preacher, the same writer continues, who has denounced the sensationalism of the yellow press has possibly within the hour read aloud to an attentive and approving congregation a bloody chapter from the gory records of the Old Testament. The greatest of yellow journals have indeed a power that more respectable papers have not, for not only is their circulation enormous, but they often are the strongest educational force that could appeal to their class of readers. Science, religion, biography, are presented, if not in the language of the Bowery, at least in such manner that the Bowery can read them with understanding and interest. "It is better," a yellow journal editor is quoted as once having said, "to raise a whole city one inch, than to hoist a few men or women ten feet, in the air." Progress, in its march, uses widely different means, and often the most effective way to teach is first to entertain. But no man or paper can do good without meaning to educate and inspire the people rather than commercialize and degrade them.

#### "Your Berth's Ready, Suh!"

BY invitation of the manager of the American Palace Car Company, I visited the *Columbia* as it stood on the siding at the east end of the Union Station. This car is of the pattern of those intended to compete with the Pullman sleepers, which those of us who have been forced to

travel considerably so heartily detest, and I confess that I went to see it in the hope that it would fulfil its mission. Externally it is the old type of sleeping and parlor car, with the exception of a basement extending from the front to the rear trucks, in which the beds are deposited in the daytime and the chairs or lounges at night. In the rear is a small but comfortable observation and smoking section, a decided improvement over the smoking-room of the ordinary Pullman. Behind it is a washroom with three basins, arranged on much the same plan as the apartments to which we are used. Inside the car, which for several weeks had been used as the habitation of those exhibiting the new style of coach, there was nothing at all in sight which differed from the ordinary parlor car, except one section, made up to show the new style of berths. The manager of the car called my attention to the fact that both berths had wire springs and hair mattresses, and that only a man of unusual height would find himself unable to sit in either the upper or lower berth without bumping his head. The sections of the windows opening on the upper berths act entirely independently of those below, and in fact there is a complete system of ventilation both inside the berths and through the windows controllable by the occupant of either the upper or lower bed. The arms of the seats, ordinarily a disturbing factor, are absent, and one can turn in to something as distinctly a bed as one has at one's own home. The porter, being requested to remove the made-up section, brought a long iron rod something like the handle of an auger, which he inserted in the floor, and by working a drum situated beneath, both beds disappeared, the partition forming the wall at the foot of the bed turning down as the sub-floor and that at the head of the bed falling over it as the carpeted section of the floor, upon which the parlor car chairs were placed, and no sign of any berths appeared in the car. In the basement in which the beds were deposited, already made up, there is a system of dustless ventilation from the roof, which I was assured prevented any mustiness of smell or taint of previous occupancy. The little mirrors separating the windows—which, by the way, occupy much more space than in the Pullman car—being opened, disclosed a nice set of silver for a dining-table. A table was instantly set up, and an exhibition was given of how the whole car could once be made a diner. The kitchen, though not large, was ample, and the refrigerator sufficiently commodious for not only the passengers in one, but in several cars.

The feature which interested me most in the *Columbia* was the entire absence of what always seemed like the prison element of a Pullman car. The fixed seats were out of sight; passengers could move the chairs so as to group themselves at their pleasure. Ordinarily the Pullman rules allow the back seat to the owner of the upper berth, and no matter how disagreeable he or she may be to the occupant of the front seat, all day long one must sit and face the unpleasant person. At night the receptacles beneath the car are sufficient to hold suit-cases or ordinary baggage, and in the daytime these can be disposed of without inconvenience to either the occupants of the seats or those desiring to pass through the car.

That most terrific of all Pullman car evils, lack of ventilation, has apparently been entirely overcome in the *Columbia*. Though standing for days on a siding, the air was as pure inside the car as out, and one could not help wondering why the Pullman Company had not adopted some of the devices now patented and owned by the A. P. C. Co. They have probably felt so secure in their monopoly that no attention has been paid to those prevalent conditions which made the car either unbearably hot or freezing cold. It also seems strange that they did not take pains to secure patents for under-car storage of the berths; but this can probably be accounted for on the same line of reasoning, that they had no competitors and did not expect any. The *Columbia* is described as being five tons lighter and ten per cent. cheaper than the ordinary sleeping-car, yet four times stronger between the trucks on account of its special construction. The danger of accident to sleeping-cars is largely owing to the spreading of rails caused by their great weight when passing over curves at a high speed with their center of gravity high in the air. The *Columbia*, carrying its weight below the floor and practically on the line of the drawbar, is more easily hauled. It is gratifying to know that the Canadian headquarters of the American Palace Car Company are being established in Toronto, and care should be taken by the city authorities that their car shops for Canada be also located here. It is at this juncture that the evils of the busoning system protrude themselves, the manager of the company remarking with some pride that he has already been approached by several municipalities desiring the location of the works.

#### The British Columbia Coat of Arms.

To the Editor of SATURDAY NIGHT: DEAR SIR,—In a recent issue of SATURDAY NIGHT a correspondent complained that British Columbia, among other provinces of Canada, had no official arms or crest. The following should explain matters sufficiently, as the extract is taken from the British Columbia Government Year Book and Manual of Provincial Information:

"The coat of arms of the province in use until the year 1866 was merely a crest or badge, and was unsuitable for representation upon a shield, or for association with other insignia of the Dominion, and was also unmeaning, as it presented no national idea with reference to the province, being simply an emblem of the Royal Family of England. The present arms was designed to remedy these defects and to express hereditarily and appropriately the peculiar position of British Columbia with regard to the British Empire. The features to which it is intended thus to draw attention are: First, unity with the British nation, both by descent and government; second, its extreme western geographical position; third, its maritime strength; fourth, its assured permanence and glory; fifth, its local fauna."

"These objects are attained in the following manner, respectively: First, the field is covered by the Union Jack, the grand standard and national emblem; second, upon a chief is defined the setting sun; third, this charge is placed upon a field, *barry undy*, which hereditarily symbolizes the sea; fourth, the motto, *'Splendor sine occasu'*, which has been adopted by no other state or individual, refers to the sun, which, though apparently setting, never decreases, and to the Empire, which has a glory or radiance encircling the world; fifth, the supporters, a wapiti stag and big horn, are the most noble creatures of the province, and typify dignity and strength."

"These two animals have a peculiar significance, inasmuch as they represent the union of the mainland and island (Vancouver), the wapiti being confined in its habitat to Vancouver Island, and the big horn found only in the mountain ranges of the mainland."

I am, YOURS, CRANBROOK, B.C. GARFIELD A. KING.

Kind-hearted Lady—Come back at seven o'clock to-night. Beggar—Impossible, madame. I belong to the union, and they don't allow us to work overtime.

**Wm. Pitt & Co.**

#### Ladies' Tailors and Costumiers

Tweeds and Cloths for Tailor-made Suits. Handsome materials for Day and Evening Gowns.

#### MILLINERY

Smart Hats for early Fall wear.

#### Gloves

Gloves in all the newest shadings and colorings. Ladies' and Gents' Walking Gloves.

#### Corsets

The La Grecque and Lattice Ribbon C. B. Corsets.

**PARIS KID GLOVE STORE**

11 & 13 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

Telephone Main 883.

#### For Health Alone

the hardwood floor idea is invaluable. Only of late years have our medical men realized how much danger lurks in the dusty carpet. Lay rugs over parquet floors and have your house clean the whole year through. They cost no more than good carpets and will outlast a dozen carpets.

A kinds of floor wax, restorer, filler, etc.

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#### CUT GLASS

The finest cut glass made in the world

#### Made in Canada

We have one of the finest and largest cutting shops on the continent. As well as supplying the very best quality, we save you the American manufacturers' profit and the duty.

**14-16 FRONT ST. E.**

#### Will Satisfy the Most Critical

Orders for flowers should be entrusted only to florists of known taste and ability. We lead in the supplying of arrangements and flowers for special purposes.

Out-of-town shipments guaranteed. Send for descriptive price list.

**Dunlop's**

**5 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO**

#### English Egg-Stands



THESE are quite old-fashioned but nevertheless much used. A well-appointed breakfast table should have one on it. We always carry them in stock in the different sizes at prices ranging from about \$6 to \$20 each.

Our stock of genuine Sheffield plate is probably the best in Toronto, and our prices will save you from 10 to 20 per cent.

**Wanless & Co.** Established 1840. 168 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

#### THE CROWN BANK OF CANADA

CAPITAL AUTHORIZED \$2,000,000.00

TORONTO BRANCH—34 King Street West.

#### Women's Room.

Women are invited to make use of the Women's Room which provides a convenient place for resting or keeping appointments. A special branch of the Savings Department is provided in connection with this room.

EDITH LAMBE, Mgr. Women's Department.

#### WHY IT IS SAFE—

#### The Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation

is one of the largest and strongest in Canada or the United States.

It has a capital, fully paid up, and rest, amounting to \$8,000,000. Its assets exceed TWENTY-FOUR MILLION DOLLARS. It is under the management of an experienced and conservative Board of Directors and Staff of Officers, and in every transaction safety is placed above every other consideration. It is purely an Investment Company, not a speculative institution.

On Deposit Accounts interest is allowed at THREE AND ONE-HALF PER CENT. per annum compounded half-yearly.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO STREET, TORONTO.

#### The Wine of Royalty

**G. H. MUMM & CO.**

#### Champagne

is used by the Royal Families of Europe.

Royal warrants have been granted to Messrs. G. H. Mumm & Co. by

His Majesty King Edward VII.  
His Majesty The German Emperor.  
His Majesty The Emperor of Austria.  
His Majesty The King of Italy.  
His Majesty The King of Norway and Sweden.  
His Majesty The King of Denmark.  
His Majesty The King of the Belgians.  
His Majesty The King of Spain.



## A Chance to Save

While preparing for the great demonstration of

## New Goods and Special Values in House-furnishing Department

next season, we are now gradually thinning out present stock and present many wonderful chances in the purchase of Linen Damasks, Blankets, Quilts, Lace Curtains and Sheetings.

Established 1864.

**JOHN CATTO & SON**

King Street—opposite the Post-Office.

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**Originality and... Exclusiveness in Tailored Skirts**

Our selection is large and varied. Our experience is long and well tried.

We are always pleased to offer our suggestions to

those who favor us with a visit.  
**The Skirt Specialty Co.**  
Designers. Fine Tailors.  
102 KING STREET WEST,  
J. G. MITCHENER, Manager.  
PHONE M. 3449

**Most Girls Look their Best in Summer Costume.** This summer's style probably suits **You**. Why not have a photograph in your dainty summer gown? If you desire it taken by an artist with modern equipment, come to my Studio at 289 College street, a few doors west of Spadina avenue.

**Percival Dean**

Portraits by Photography.

## WATCHES

That can be depended upon, at prices closer than the big shops.

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**JAMES D. BAILEY**  
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Headquarters for Shirts, Collars, Blouses, and all fancy work.

The Best Hand Work Only.

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AS MOVED TO 22 CARLTON ST.  
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## Massage

The Art of Massage (General and Facial) Electro Massage, Swedish movements, and the Naubum Method of treatment for diseases of the heart taught and administered. Patients treated at our office or at their residence as desired. References the leading physicians of Toronto.

**Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Forbes**  
165 ROBERT ST. Phone N. 10



## SOCIETY

**A**LREADY the talk is beginning to vary from "those who are away" to "those who are coming back." The last week of this month will see most of the fortunate citizens who went to Old London back in Toronto. The Muskoka season is growing later and it is surprising to find many cottages open until October. The members of a New Orleans colony in Lake Rosseau have declared their intention of remaining to see how it looks when the hotels are closed and the crowd is away. The summer resorts nearer the city have greatly lengthened their season by the lake, and unless there are small people who need to go to school, the cottagers at Long Branch, Balm Beach and Lorne Park can enjoy the pure air of the country until the leaves turn red and brown, which is really the best season by the lake.

A good deal of complaint has been made lately, and with justice, of the lack of the road-house or the country inn near Toronto. A small fortune awaits the thrifty man or woman who will establish a clean and wholesome "inn" where tired and hungry citizens may find decent refreshment. Riding and automobile are making this want imperative. Most small hotels in Ontario are so unsavory in every respect that even a sandwich of appetizing appearance is difficult to obtain.

His Excellency the Governor-General and Lady Grey, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Lady Laurier were in Quebec on Thursday for the reception given to Prince Louis of Battenberg and the officers of the second cruiser squadron.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark and the Misses Clark sailed from England last week by the *Virginian*, after an enjoyable holiday in England, during which Mrs. Mortimer Clark's health has greatly improved.

The death of Mrs. Longfield-Smith (Marian Boulton), which occurred last month at Kensington, Barbados, has brought sorrow to a wide circle of Toronto friends, and the members of the household once gathered at Iver House are assured of heartfelt sympathy.

Dr. F. H. Sykes of Columbia University is visiting at Bracken Lodge, Long Branch.

Among visitors from the Southern States recently in the city were Dr. and Mrs. C. R. Fisher, from North Carolina. Mrs. Fisher is a granddaughter of the late Senator Lewin of St. John, New Brunswick, and her husband is an Englishman by birth. Consequently, they felt very much at home during their first visit to British Toronto.

The Civic Holiday last Monday gave Toronto the most deserted look it has worn this summer. "Worse than Sunday" was the comment of a Buffalo visitor who fails to appreciate the quiet on which we pride ourselves during the first day of the week. Everyone seemed away and even the Island had an air of listlessness, as if it were hardly worth while to have games or side-shows. Barrie, Orillia, and above all, Muskoka, received car-loads of straying Torontonians, some of whom found their trip a "pleasure excursion" indeed, judging by the soiled and weary people who were on the evening cars.

"What is the matter with the baseball club?" is a question asked by many who used to be enthusiastic on the subject.

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Hairdyeing  
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## What about your Complexion these days?

Wherever you go your exquisite toilet preparations (the kind you have been using for 13 years) can be sent you. Tan, sunburn, freckles, or any marks from midsummer dissipation are readily dissolved if

## PRINCESS COMPLEXION PURIFIER

is used. Unequaled as a delightful external tonic for clearing the face of sallowness, muddiness and all discolorations. Sent, express paid, to your summer home. Price \$1.50.

Superfluous Hair, Moles, Etc., eradicated forever by our method of Electrolysis; positively the only permanent treatment; satisfaction guaranteed. Come during the summer for treatment if you live out of town.

Write, call or phone N. 1666 for Booklet "M."

**Graham Dermatological Institute**

Established 1895. 604 Church St., Toronto.

Is it not time for Toronto to devote itself more seriously to cricket and expend less energy upon a game that is becoming noisier every year? It is rather to be regretted that the English game is not more generally encouraged in Toronto.

The theaters will, as usual, be open during the weeks of the Exhibition, and are undergoing a process of re-decoration and re-fitting. In fact, Shea's will open next Monday with something especially good in vaudeville. The Princess opens on August 28 with Lew Dockstader's minstrel, who are very good for those who like minstrel. An English spectacular musical comedy, *The School Girl*, will be given the second week. The Grand Opera House will open on August 21 with Haverley's Minstrels, to be followed by *San Toy* for the first week of the Exhibition. But after the crowds and the confusion of early September, it is to be hoped we shall be given something more than minstrel and musical comedy. It is said that we are actually to have a new theater next year on the site of the Princess. But who will send, import or evolve an orchestra that will not make the interludes hideous?

Mrs. William Mackenzie, with a party of young friends, has gone to Winnipeg to visit Mrs. Scott Griffin.

Port Carling, with its locks, between Lake Muskoka and Lake Rosseau, is the busiest scene in the northern lakes for about a quarter of an hour in the afternoon. Here all the boats are coming in and campers and cottagers for miles around have gathered for what passes as an exciting event in the idleness of a summer holiday. Girls with sunburned faces and boys whose noses have "peeled off" are prominent in the crowd that greets the *Medora*, the *Nip* or the *Islander*. Among the Toronto people staying in this between-the-lakes resort are: Mr. and Mrs. Carrick, Miss Carrick, Miss Irene Webb, Mr. Hugh Ryan, Mr. W. L. Argue, Mrs. Argue, Mr. George Campbell, Mr. Edmond Foy, Mr. J. M. Rutherford, Miss Flora Zimmerman, Mr. D. O. Ellis, Miss Ellis, Mr. J. F. MacLaren, Mr. Will Finlay, Mrs. Finlay, Mr. J. P. Royce, Mr. Edward Barton, Mr. Robert McCallum, Miss McCallum, Mr. Barnett, Mr. George C. Thomas, Mr. A. W. Burgess, Mrs. Burgess.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston and Miss Jessie Johnston will be among the returning Torontonians early next month, as they sail for New York on August 29.

Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Hammond have gone to Lake St. John, Quebec, and the Saguenay.

The marriage of Miss Edythe Sparks of Ottawa to Dr. F. L. Vaux will take place this month.

It is reported that Miss May Sutton of California, now the world's woman champion in tennis, will play in the St. Matthew's tournament in the international at Niagara-on-the-Lake, or in the Ontario championships during Exhibition weeks.

A pretty wedding took place on August 2 at the residence of Mr. I. J. Gould and Mrs. Gould, Uxbridge, when their fourth daughter, Rebecca Ethel, was united in marriage to Mr. Robert Smilie of Dawson City. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. R. Fraser of Chalmers' Presbyterian Church, under an arch of flowers and evergreens in the drawing-room. Only the immediate friends of the bride and groom were present. Mr. and Mrs. Smilie left for a short visit to Western Ontario, and will leave Uxbridge about the middle of this month to take up their residence in Dawson City.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Orr West of Homewood avenue are spending a couple of weeks at Atlantic City, New Jersey, and Mr. Gordon West is spending his vacation at Jackson's Point.

A Winnipeg correspondent writes: "The nuptials of Miss Lilian Marie Taylor and Mr. W. J. Arnott, formerly of Toronto, were solemnized in St. John's Cathedral on the afternoon of July 5 by His Grace Archbishop Matheson in the presence of a large number of friends. The bride wore a pretty gown of white silk organdie and a veil caught with orange blossoms, and carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley. The bridesmaid, Miss Holmes, was dressed in champagne voile, and the maid of honor, Miss Helen Murdoch, wore a dainty white gown and carried a basket of red carnations and lilies of the valley. Mr. Arthur Stewart gave away the bride and the best man was Mr. Edward Walker. Mr. and Mrs. Arnott went to Vancouver and Portland, the bride's going-away gown being a fawn tailor-made costume.

Professor F. H. Torrington and Mrs. Torrington are spending a vacation at Peak's Island, Maine.

Mrs. Cowen and her daughter, Mrs. Jeffs of Vancouver, who have been visiting friends in Eastern Ontario, have returned to the city. Mrs. Jeffs will be the guest of her sister, Mrs. Griffiths, 109 Howland avenue, until October 1, when she will return to the West.

On Tuesday, August 1, at 288 Huron street, the home of Mrs. John Magwood, mother of the bride, Miss Frances Edith Magwood was married to Dr. William Crozier Fawcett of North Dakota, formerly of London. The bride, who wore a pretty gown of embroidered point d'esprit over white silk and chiffon, and carried a shower bouquet of white roses and lilies of the valley, was given away by her brother, Mr. S. J. Newton Magwood. The bridesmaid was Miss Mabel Magwood, sister of the bride, who wore white *crêpe de Chine* over silk and carried a bouquet of pink roses. Mr. Charles Ernest Childs of Port Huron was best man. The officiating clergyman was Professor J. F. McLaughlin of Victoria University, cousin of the bride, assisted by Rev. T. M. Campbell of

Toronto. The *Bridal March* was played by Miss Josephine Staples of Lindsay. The bridegroom's gift was a gold chain with amethyst pendant. The bride's mother wore black silk cologne over taffeta, and Mrs. S. N. Fawcett of London, mother of the groom, wore a gown of black *crêpe de soie*. The bride's traveling costume was of brown silk with toque to match.

Dr. S. B. Sinclair and Miss Anna Sinclair of Ottawa have been spending several weeks at the Belvidere, Parry Sound.

Mrs. Piment, daughter-in-law of the late Sir Robert Piment, judge of the Supreme Court of Newfoundland, has recently been the guest of Mrs. Charles Hodgetts of Jarvis street.

The fifth weekly dance of the I. A. A. at their club-house took place on August 4, and in spite of lowering skies was attended by a surprisingly large number of city guests, although, more than any other occasion of the kind this year, it was an "Island affair." Among those present were Mrs. D. W. Lamont in black silk with white lace, Mrs. R. F. Spence in Dresden muslin, Mrs. A. R. Denison in grey and white silk, Mrs. Lawlor in black silk, Mrs. Iolmie Craig in cream voile, Mrs. Richard Donald in blue foulard, Mrs. Arthur Ardagh in black silk, Miss Winifred Huckvale in pale pink organdie, Miss Leila Macdonnell in mauve muslin, Miss Dollie Lamont in blue and pink muslin, Miss Dorothy Macrae in blue and white organdie, Miss Phyllis Lawlor in white muslin and lace, Miss Charlotte Stout in shepherd plaid silk, Miss Yolande Morrison in cadet blue with touches of white, Miss Kitchen of Hamilton in white muslin, Miss Gladys Eastwood in pink, Miss Edna Meredith in grey and black, Miss Marjory Spence in white organdie with red girdle, Miss Joyce Grant in navy blue and white, Miss Marjory Sewell in white muslin, Miss Ottilie Ardagh in black organdie, Miss Helen Hall in green shirt waist suit, Miss Dorothy Spence in pink and white organdie, Miss Irene Alexander in checked shirt waist suit, Mr. Arthur Kemp, Mr. Edward Gillespie, Mr. James Worts, Mr. Frank Huckvale, Mr. Morgan Jellet, Mr. Arthur Ardagh, Mr. Hector Lamont, Mr. Irving Ardagh, Mr. A. R. Denison, Mr. Fair, Mr. Arthur Fortier, Mr. Jack Hynes, Mr. Teddie Schuch, Mr. R. S. Cassels, Mr. Grant, Mr. A. Beck, Mr. Bert Morrison, Mr. Stanley Sweetman, Mr. James Merrick, Mr. C. S. Edwards, Mr. Hubert Young, Mr. Coye, Mr. Temple, Mr. George Lamont.

Hon. J. J. Foy spent last week at Jackson's Point.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Henderson of Parkdale are among the Toronto people who are enjoying the summer on Stony Lake.

Cobourg continues to be a gay gathering place for the Southerners. Among Toronto people who were in the pretty town last week were Mr. Cromwell Gurney, Mr. Holt Gurney and Mr. Ralph Burns, who were members of an automobile party.

A very clever minstrel show, given by twenty young "Stony Lakers," entertained campers and cottagers one evening last week.

Miss Amy Strath is visiting Miss Colquhoun at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Rev. Mr. Plummer has been the guest of Lady Edgar at the Pines, Roach's Point.

Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Ellis of Rosedale have been spending a short vacation in Cobourg.

Miss E. Porter, late of 47 King street west, has removed to 109 King street west. Her friends and patrons will here find the most careful attention given to their orders.

## Talk of Another Hot Wave.

There is every probability of another hot spell in the next few days. The long-headed will be prepared before it reaches here by providing themselves with electric fans.

Many of the most practicable styles are shown at the uptown show-rooms of the Toronto Electric Light Company, Limited, at No. 12 Adelaide street east.

## Cheap Excursion to New York City.

August 14 is date of New York excursion via West Shore—\$9.00 round trip from Suspension Bridge and Buffalo, with privilege of trip on Hudson River steamers in either or both directions between Albany and New York, without extra charge. Write Louis Drago, Canadian Passenger Agent, 69 1-2 Yonge street, Toronto.

## How Satan Worked It.

Satan tell de Lightnin'! He'll run him fer a race, De Lightnin', he make answer: "Des name yo' time en place!" En what you reckon happen? Ole Satan made de trip, Straddle a great big cloud, en use De Lightnin' fer a whip!

## Holding Out No False Hopes.

The druggist had gone to the back part of the store to answer a telephone call, leaving his ten-year-old boy temporarily in charge.

Young Pim, the Chinese laundryman in the next block, came in at this moment to buy a bottle of blood purifier. "Yes, we've got some," said the conscientious boy, "but I don't believe it'll do you any good. You might take a dozen bottles of it, and you'd still be a Chinaman."

The Artist—Turned down again, eh? Well, this is the last time I'll give you the chance to do it, Mr. Editor. The *Office Boy* (from behind the door)—Say, boss, is dat a threat or a promise?

## FIT FOR A PRINCE

Codou's French Macaroni  
Codou's French Vermicelli  
The finest quality made—ask your grocer for it  
All best Dealers sell it

## COWAN'S

Milk Chocolate Croquettes  
Medallions Wafers, etc.  
**Cowan's Cream Bars**

Dainty and Pure Confections

THE COWAN CO., LIMITED

TORONTO

## If we get the order for your gown

You'll have the satisfaction of knowing that you look your best, and that the charge was pleasantly moderate.

T. EATON CO. LIMITED

## A Ring of Pearls.

"The never waning popularity of all-pearl rings is not difficult to account for when one sees Diamond Hall's ring-trays.

Prices are surprisingly low, quality considered.

Three-stone and five-stone rings range from \$25.00 to \$450.00.

## Ryrie Bros.

Established 1854.  
118-124 Yonge St.

## Change of Business Address.

**Miss E. Porter**  
(Late 47 King St. West)

Has removed to the newly furnished shop...

**109 KING STREET WEST**

Her friends and patrons will here find the most careful attention given to their orders for **Fine Stationery, Engraving and Embossing, Books and Fancy Goods.**

Phone Main 1158

## The Culverhouse Optical Co. LIMITED

6 Richmond Street East  
CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING, Toronto.  
Phone M. 4856.



and for the nicest ideas in Spectacle and Eye-Glass wear.

**Proctors**  
220 Yonge Street  
**DIAMONDS**

## Prescriptions

ANDREW JEFFREY,  
Yonge and Carlton Streets.

Sponges  
Bathing Caps  
Wash Rags  
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**LEE'S LIOLA CREAM**

Toilet Waters  
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Manicure Scissors  
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**W. H. LEE,**  
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Open all Night.

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## Geoffrey Hawkhurst's Will.

BY EYRE HUSSEY.

THE old Squire of Rippington, Geoffrey Hawkhurst, was dead and gone and laid to rest in the family vault in Rippington Churchyard; some said it was a good thing, too; others, after calm consideration and recollecting sundry favors, were of opinion that the old gentleman was not so bad as he might have been, but the remark of one old crony, that "he'd never bide where they'd put him," sank down into many minds unenlightened at that time by Board-school education.

The squire's will, dated five years previously, left everything to his nephew, Reginald Hawkhurst, to the exclusion of Lettice Beauclerk, nee Hawkhurst, the old man's only daughter. She had married against his consent, but there was no pecuniary in that, for nothing would have persuaded him to give his consent to her marriage with any man living. Nevertheless a reconciliation had taken place. The lawyers asserted that there had been a later will, and diligent search was made, in which Mr. Reginald Hawkhurst took a prominent part, so prominent, in fact, that Eustace Beauclerk remarked to his wife:

"It's my belief that Reginald knows all about it."

"He is very kind and straightforward; I don't agree with you," his wife replied.

"Very likely, my dear; you wouldn't be the sweet little woman you are if you thought differently; you judge others by yourself. I, on the contrary, opine that Reginald with all his smooth-faced plausibility would rob you of a red-hot stove if he could carry it away."

"Poor Reggie! Don't be hard on him."

"Not I; he's got the pudding, though your father never intended him to have it, and I have got the plum. He has done away with the old man's will, I'm certain of it, but—"

Eustace stopped short and kissed his bonny little wife. The medical man who had attended the case had sought in vain to obtain permission to make a post-mortem examination—medical science seventy years ago was less advanced than it is now. He had no doubt of the cause of death, but he would have liked to obtain a closer knowledge of the effects of the malady. So he thought it over and determined to obtain by stealth what he could not arrive at openly. It was not unusual in those days.

A dun mare attached to a spring cart stood disconsolately with drooping ears in the shadow of the churchyard wall of Rippington. It was a cold, starlight night in December with a pinch of black frost crisping the turf and causing the dead leaves to rustle. A fine old yew tree spread its limbs in solemn benediction over the crumbling gravestones and filtered fitfully the ray of a crescent moon which was gradually sinking towards the horizon.

Two figures made their way stealthily towards the Hawkhurst vault, keeping close to the northern wall of the church. The older man was wary and methodical, the younger showed reluctance.

"I don't half like this job, Bill," he said as they halted at the iron railings. "It's a swinging job if we're caught."

"Lor, it's nothing when you're used to it, and it's easier to earn twenty pounds like this 'ere than any way else. I like to be amongst old friends." He chuckled grimly. "And as for being ketchered, there's not a soul in Rippington would face this 'ere."

From a sack he carried under his arm he produced a white smock frock which he placed upon a stick, stretching the sleeves upon another stick tied transversely; a battered beaver hat surmounted the whole, and Bill chuckled again.

"Darned if it ain't like 'im as two

peas," he said. "Now have a suck at this here bottle, Jim, and we'll get out the squire himself."

The masons had not fixed the stone which covered the steps leading to the vault. Bill's crowbar raised it easily, and he descended cautiously before he lit his lantern. Jim hesitated, but the rum in the black bottle gave him courage and he followed.

"I owes 'im a grudge—he 'oswhipped me once—but I allow he's pretty quiet now," Bill said, deftly plying a screw-driver.

"Too-oo-oo" up above made Jim start and nearly upset the lantern.

"Lor, bless 'ee, what be you scared about? Dead folk holds their tongues. Have 'ee never heard an owl?"

"I thought I heard footsteps," Jim said apologetically.

"Steps? There won't be no steps while that there keeps guard up above. Lend a hand now, Ned Syers said there wasn't no lead coffin 'cos he helped carry it. There he is! He've a-cussed me a sight of times; it's odd not to hear him begin."

In a few minutes the corpse was clothed in some old garments, and the two men bore it up the steps and replaced the stone, Jim breathing more freely when he reached the outer air; in five minutes more the dun mare was in a slinging trot, the body of the old squire crowned with the beaver hat seated up between the two men in the trap.

"Glass of rum hot at the 'Dog and Gun' wouldn't be amiss, Jim," Bill said, breaking a silence. "The old gentleman ain't good company, somehow, and we musn't be at Fordington before midnight."

Jim acquiesced; the trap was drawn up in the shadow of the inn, the reins placed in the old squire's dead hands, and the two men disappeared within.

All was cold and silent. The old squire's chin drooped upon his chest, and the listless hands were kept together by the reins. Presently Isaac Prince, the landlord, came to the door and stood just outside, tall and gaunt in his shirt sleeves, a costume which he adopted in all weathers during business hours. He was as like the old squire as two peas, though a considerably younger man; some said there were reasons for it, but then people will say anything.

"Cold?" he said, looking at the figure in the cart. There was naturally no reply.

"Tired of waitin'? It don't do to sleep out o' door. Can I get 'ee ought?"

The stillness of the figure excited Isaac's curiosity; he walked round the trap, gazed up, and then said half aloud, "Lord! That's it, is it? Blessed if it ain't the old squire!" Isaac listened to the voices within; there was no sign of movement. The warmth he knew was seductive. In a few moments his strong arms had lifted the corpse from the trap and borne it across the road to the little dell opposite. There Isaac reverently laid it down, divested it of the coat and hat, slipped them on, returned to the trap, mounted, took the reins, and adopted as nearly as he could the limp attitude of the corpse. The time seemed long, but Bill and Jim returned at last and unsuspectingly blundered into their places. Isaac gathered their destinations as he lurched first into one and then the other; he waited till they came to a spot where a high wall bordered the road on the one side and a bushy fence with a deep ditch beyond it on the other, then he dug his elbow sharply into Jim's ribs as being the more nervous of the two.

"Bill," Jim whispered huskily, "he nudged me!"

"Not he; he's done with nudging. You he timid, you be. Set up, can't 'ee!" Bill said, pushing the corpse, which lolled against him.

Presently Isaac's elbow struck his ribs.

"Durned if he didn't nudge me," Bill exclaimed uneasily.

Isaac waited again and then made a savage dig on either side of him.

"Did you feel that?" both men exclaimed together.

"Durned if his hands ain't hot!" Bill exclaimed.

"It's hotter than that where I came from, and where you're going," Isaac said in a sepulchral voice.

"God in Heaven, it's the old 'un himself!" Bill shouted, abandoning the reins and springing out of the trap. Jim was gone also, and Isaac uttered a fiendish roar. Bill sprang wildly at the fence and disappeared into the ditch beyond, with Jim on the top of him, the two clutching one another and fighting desperately in the darkness, each under the impression that he was held in satanic clutches. They fought till they were exhausted and then lay still in the mud and water, neither daring to move.

Isaac sat listening to the smothered curses and sounds of battle, then he edged the mare on to the grass by the roadside and made his way home by a by-road, knowing well that neither man would dare to claim the mare and trap.

Two hours later Isaac Prince conveyed the body of the old squire back to its resting-place. He went alone and unaided; it was a work of restitution, so he had no fears, but he made some strong remarks to the body with regard to the treatment of "Miss Lettice that was."

"However can you expect to lay quiet, turning her out of her natural house and home and putting that wastrel in her place? If I'd been Thomas Sneth I'd have lined this coffin with clout nails, durned if I wouldn't! Maybe he did."

Isaac raised his lantern from the floor and passed his hand over the lining of the coffin in search of nail points; presently there came the crackle of paper, and the landlord of the "Dog and Gun" withdrew a long blue paper. The lantern threw a dim light on the surroundings, but it was sufficient to enable him to decipher the superscription:

"The last will and testament of Geoffrey Hawkhurst. He turned it over and over in silence and then put it carefully in an inner pocket of his coat."

"Maybe this will make a difference;

if so I asks your pardon for my remarks," he said. "Laid right under the old gentleman, too! I wonder who done it?"

Isaac Prince hoisted up the remains of Geoffrey Hawkhurst and placed them in the coffin, screwed down the lid, made all tidy, and retired, carefully replacing the stone above the flight of steps. He whistled for company as he walked home, and then fell to meditating on some plan for handing over the will to those concerned without exciting suspicion. If he took the document to the lawyer he would have to give an explanation; if he took it up to the great house there would be the same difficulty. No wonder his wife thought him unusually restless that night.

Fortune is said to favor the brave; whether she does or not, unforeseen circumstances undoubtedly arise at times which help to shape the ends of destiny.

With the ostensible purpose of purchasing some meal for his pigs at the mill Isaac Prince made his way towards the village on the following day.

The footpath made its way through a coppice with the ground falling slightly on either hand; near the manor house another pathway crossed it at right angles, a stile marking the entrance to the park. To the right Isaac could see Mr. Reginald Hawkhurst flourishing his cane and looking round him with an air of proprietorship, to the left Mrs. Beauclerk followed slowly so as not to overtake her cousin.

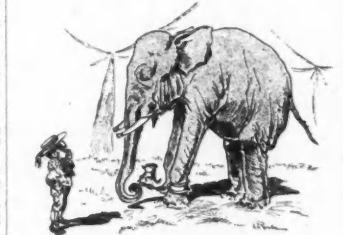
Isaac grinned, hurried forward, placed the blue envelope at the foot of the stile, and disappeared behind an ivy-covered stump to watch results.

Presently Mrs. Beauclerk arrived, picked up the envelope, uttered a low cry, and stood perfectly still, glancing at the retreating form of her cousin.

"He had it all the time, and now he has dropped it," she said aloud in the tone of a person convinced against her will. Her eyes glittered, and she looked very beautiful.

Isaac in hiding rubbed his hands together.

Two persons always considered that to be the solution of the mystery of the disappearance of the will. Possibly it went as near the truth as do the solutions of many mysteries in this world. Reginald's hands were tied; he could only swear to himself, and that he did freely.—*The Tailor.*



**DE ELEPHANT'S TAILS.**  
Two tails has de Elephant, I declar. One on his nose en de udder—back dar. He's behine side befo' wharever he goes, Fer de tail dat's de bigges' he wears on his nose!

### A Gentleman of Japan.

A True Story.

By Alonzo Clarke Robinson.

"UT after all, Aunt, just what is a gentleman?"

The question broke in upon my boredom with a certain freshness, and I could not help wondering how the little old lady in the corner seat would answer it. To me it seemed utterly unanswerable. I was taking that most disagreeable of railroad journeys from Kyoto to Yokohama, and being very hungry and very cold, and welcoming anything like a diversion with eagerness, I prepared to listen to the discussion.

The Japanese first-class railway carriage is constructed very much like our American horse-car and at times attains almost an equal rate of speed. Two continuous seats run down either side and at the end are two cross seats. These were occupied on the present occasion by three persons to whom the above remark once more drew my attention. They were English at a single glance. The entire appearance was stamped with that conventionality and conservatism which surrounds that remarkable race as with a wall.

The speaker was a young man of perhaps one or two and twenty. He had a large, intelligent face and attentive eyes. The person whom he addressed as aunt was a prim little old maid who sat up very straight and kept her lips pressed very tightly together. She was neatly and simply dressed in black. Something about her suggested the mis-

### Mechanic and Coffee.

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sionary; perhaps the lace mitts she wore instead of gloves. The other gentleman I could not very well see, as his back was turned toward me, but from his attitude I surmised he was asleep.

On the other side of the pane the miniature, stunted, but picturesque landscape of Japan crawled by the windows. Now we passed a little grove of children pines, perhaps twelve feet high, now a little cone-shaped hill; now we came out upon a little level divided into squares of mustard, yellow like golden-rod, or rice which is the color of grass along the banks of the Nile. Among the colors brown, almost naked coolies stood up to watch the train creep past.

But within the carriage that little bit of old England was discussing the proprieties, as unconscious of their incongruity as was the train which carried them. And I listened.

"A gentleman," said the little old lady, apparently unimpressed by the magnitude of the task set her, "is what your father is and what your grandfather was."

"Then must one be an Englishman to be a gentleman?"

"No, there are gentlemen in all countries."

"Even among the Zulus, for example?"

"The Zulus are not civilized people. We cannot expect them to be gentlemen; they are not even Christians."

"Well, how about old Cummings?"

"Old Cummings was a gardener."

"Then just because he was a gardener, just because his hands were always dirty, could he not be a gentleman?"

"Cleanliness is next to godliness," replied the little old lady, with a glance at her own white hands folded in her lap. After a moment she added, "Cummings was a faithful servant, but he was not a gentleman. You know perfectly well what I mean, Henry, and I wish you would be a little more careful of your manners."

The young man smiled. "Then unless I am careful of my manners, unless I stand up and sit down, or take off my hat, at the proper moment, unless I eat my food with a knife and fork and not with my fingers, unless I wear the polite clothes and say the polite thing, I am not a gentleman."

"Certainly not," said the little old lady, very decidedly.

"Well," replied the young man after a pause, "I don't know."

At this moment we drew up at a station. It was evident that something extraordinary was taking place here. I perceived a crowd of several hundred people and a band—I had almost said—of music. In the center of the whole thing a remarkable-looking little man was receiving the adieus of the more important personages. I discovered afterward that this was no less an individual than Prince Kuyukito, on his way to the court. The delegation which had come down to see him off paid him the greatest homage; even the most important-looking of its members were continually bowing profoundly, and as for the rabble, they were like a pavement whenever he glanced in their direction. Finally, with much ceremony, he was gotten on board. The band played goodness knows what, the crowd inclined their bodies as one man and the train recommenced its journey.

On entering the carriage—the only first-class one which the train could boast—and perceiving that it contained "eminently distinguished foreigners," he acknowledged our presence by a ceremonious bow, which we endeavored to return, with various degrees of embarrassment. An attendant then placed upon the seat a green velvet cushion upon which was embroidered a very splendid white bird, and then unrolled upon the floor a strip of decorated silk like a mat. The Prince mounted upon the cushion, tucked his feet under him, thrust his hands into his enormous sleeves and closed his eyes. I seized the opportunity to examine him more closely. He had two long moustaches which drooped on either side of his mouth. His hair was somewhat grey. In its repose his face bespoke extraordinary intelligence, though there was something untrustworthy about it. But it was his dress that excited my greatest admiration. This was of dark blue silk, so heavily embroidered in gold that it seemed to be nothing else. The cuffs on the sleeves and the collar were ornamented with pearls. I could not help wondering, if that was his traveling costume, what his court get-up would be like.

Presently I heard the little old lady whispering to her nephew:

"Apropos, Henry, of what we were saying, did you notice the way he bowed to us and his manners to the people at the station? I am glad we have had this opportunity of seeing with our own eyes so good an example of that Oriental politeness of which I have always read."

At this moment the Prince opened his eyes and clasped his hands. An attendant sprang forward as if touched with an electric spark and with a profound obeisance deposited beside his master a red morocco leather case. The curiosity with which we regarded this case was speedily turned into surprise when its contents proved to be an elaborate manicure set in carved ivory. The Prince proceeded with the utmost unconcern to denude his feet and get to work.

I believe we were all startled. Snip went the scissors, and the great toe nail of the Prince Kuyukito, describing a parabola, alighted upon the seat opposite. Thence he proceeded to the next, and the next. I felt an uncontrollable desire to laugh and hastily turned in another direction. My eyes encountered those of the young Englishman. He was speaking to the little old lady in a choking voice.

"How about it, Aunt," I heard him say, "is he a gentleman or not?"—*Outing.*

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### Interviewing the King.

By Edwin Bjorkman.

THE relationship between the much-beloved King Oscar II, now near the end of his reign and life, and his Swedish subjects is in many ways touchingly patriarchal. Not long ago occurred an incident illustrative of this fact and of the many handicaps wholly unknown to American newspaper men under which their colleagues in the monarchial countries of Europe are working. The story is well known over there, but has not been made public except by passing from man to man between members of the craft.

Parliamentarism, although supposed to form the basis of representative government, has not been developed to anything like the perfection or power it has reached in England. Cabinets remain in office despite hostile majorities in the popular branch of the Riksdag. Individual ministers come near having life positions. A change in the composition of the Ministry is a subject of considerable moment and one apt to spur the energy and ingenuity of Swedish journalists to heights approaching the level of ordinary newspaper enterprise on this side of the Atlantic. Or perhaps it would be more just to say that they have to display even more than American ingenuity considering how great obstacles they have to overcome in order to obtain needed information.

The editor of the *Daily News* was very anxious to procure for his paper as a "scoop" the information as to who was appointed to fill a certain Cabinet position. The official announcement was not to be made until the following day. Calling a young reporter, he told him that if he could by any means secure the information the paper would make him a present of twenty-five kroner. Quaking before the seeming hopelessness of his quest, the youngster raced to the royal palace.

Vainly he strolled about those parts of the huge structure that are open to the public. Vainly he accosted more than one man having the appearance of a Cabinet member or high Government official. The hour that would mark his venture a failure was drawing nearer and nearer. At that juncture, when all hope appeared lost, he caught sight of the tall, truly royal figure of the old King himself leaving the palace in company with a chamberlain for his customary afternoon walk along the fashionable promenade place of his capital, the park known as the King's Garden.

In an inspired moment the young man threw aside the etiquette which even in Sweden, democratic as the country is, forbids a subject to address himself directly to the monarch without first being spoken to, and particularly to stop him on the street for such purpose. Boldly he stepped in front of the King, doffed his hat and bowed until his forehead nearly touched the ground.

"My name is Lindberg," he began—it was the only thing he could think of saying.

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### Meals in Queer Places.

ONE of Blondin's most applauded feats was making an omelet while balancing on his rope at a dizzy height. When crossing Niagara he performed this culinary exploit, which he subsequently repeated in England in many strange situations, not the least being above the Thames, which he crossed more than once.

The summit of Salisbury's spire was used as a kitchen in 1055, when a plumber named Handley, having surmounted its height of 400 feet, proceeded with the utmost nonchalance to cook an ample repast, consisting of a shoulder of mutton and a couple of fowls. Again, in 1762, when the same spire stood in need of repair, James Grist, to whom the job was entrusted, cooked and ate a dish of beans and bacon, to the astonishment of the crowd collected below.

On one occasion five adventurous spirits, under the leadership of a certain Pierre Roubaud, taking with them cooking utensils, scaled the spire of Bayeux Cathedral. On reaching the gigantic gilded statue of St. Michael, which then stood on the summit, they proceeded to cook their dinner, which they ate with great gusto, much to the amazement of the onlookers, whose health they drank at the conclusion of the feast.

Descending from sky to sea we find, one warm July day of 1900, the American submarine *Argonaut*, running smoothly along thirty-five feet beneath the surface. On board was a party of guests invited by Captain Lake to undergo the novel experience of partaking, while beneath the surface, of a dinner cooked under the water. The meal was a brilliant success, as, too, were the supper and breakfast served six months later under similar conditions on board the Holland boat *Fulton*.

A diving-bell was some years since utilized as a kitchen to supply a repast for half a dozen convicts who, for a wager, had undertaken to cook and eat a dinner of half a dozen courses beneath the water. This entertainment, which took place at Naples, was held in emulation of a somewhat similar achievement by six gentlemen who had used a diving-bell for partaking of a meal cooked on board a barge moored near at hand.

In 1706 one James Austin laid a wager of \$500 that he would cook a plum pudding ten feet beneath the surface of the Thames, near Rotherhithe. The bet was readily accepted, and many people flocked to the appointed locale to watch this strange exhibition of the culinary art. Enclosed in a tin pan, in the center of a sack of lime, the pudding was lowered beneath the water, where for two hours and a half it remained. It was then taken up and partaken of by a committee, who declared that Austin had won his wager, the pudding being, if anything, overdone.

Once more mounting aloft, we climb the old elm at Walton Hall to the platform erected by that eccentric naturalist, Charles Waterton, who entertained thereon six acquaintances to dinner. The dishes were cooked on another platform erected on a neighboring tree, whence they were despatched to a table by means of an ingeniously constructed cable way. The entertainment was voted an unequalled success, the cook and assistants, who were hoisted aloft and lowered in chains, covering themselves with culinary glory.

In the tower of Erfurt Cathedral hangs a huge bell ten feet high and thirty feet in circumference, weighing thirteen tons. Within this, in July, 1713, dined ten of the town's most opulent burghers on dishes cooked in a kitchen

### Baby's Instinct

Shows He Knew What Food to Stick To.

Forwarding a photo of a splendidly handsome and healthy young boy, a happy mother writes from an Ohio town:

"The enclosed picture shows my four-year-old Grape-Nuts boy. "Since he was two years old he has eaten nothing but Grape-Nuts. He demands and gets this food three times a day. This may seem rather unusual, but he does not care for anything else after he has eaten his Grape-Nuts, which he uses with milk or cream, and then he is through with his meal. Even on Thanksgiving Day he refused turkey and all the good things that make up that great dinner, and ate his dish of Grape-Nuts and cream with the best results and none of the evils that the other foolish members of the family experienced. "He is never sick, has a beautiful complexion, and is considered a very handsome boy. May the Postum Company prosper and long continue to furnish their wholesome food!" Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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### Everybody Come. Best of the Year.

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temporarily erected on the beam that supported the ponderous mass of tin-tinabular metal. To celebrate this repast medals were struck, having on the obverse the portraits of the guests and on the reverse the representation of the curious scene.

### Home Life of Russians.

THE daily life of a Russian couple of the wealthier classes is singularly regular and monotonous, varying only with the changing seasons. In summer the lord of the house gets up about 7 o'clock and puts on, with the assistance of his *valet de chambre*, a simple costume, consisting chiefly of a faded, plentifully stained dressing-gown. Having nothing in particular to do, he sits down at the open window and looks into the yard. Toward 9 o'clock tea is announced, and he goes into the dining-room—a long, narrow apartment, with bare wooden floor and no furniture but a table and chairs. Here he finds his wife, with the tea urn before her. In a few minutes the younger children enter the room, kiss their papa's hand and take their places around the table. As this morning meal consists merely of bread and tea, it does not last long, and all disperse to their several occupations.

The head of the house begins the labors of the day by resuming his seat at the open window and having his Turkish pipe filled and lighted by a boy whose special function is to keep his master's pipe in order. The housewife spends her morning in a more active way. As soon as the breakfast table has been cleared she goes to the larder, takes stock of the provisions, arranges the meals and gives the cook the necessary materials, with detailed instructions as to how they are to be prepared. The rest of the morning she devotes to her other household duties.

Toward 1 o'clock dinner is announced, and Ivanovitch prepares his appetite by swallowing at a gulp a wineglass of home-made bitters. Dinner is the great event of the day. Food is abundant and of good quality; but mushrooms, onions and fat play rather too important a part in the repast, and the whole is prepared with very little attention to the recognized principles of hygiene. No sooner has the last dish been removed than a deathlike stillness falls upon the house. It is the time of the afternoon siesta.

The young folk go into the garden and all the members of the household give way to drowsiness naturally engendered by a heavy meal on a hot summer day. Ivanovitch retires to his own room, from which the flies have been carefully expelled by his pipe-bearer. His wife dozes in a big armchair in the sitting-room, with a pocket-handkerchief spread over her face. The servants snore in the corridor, the garter or the hay shed, and even the old watch dog in the corner of the yard stretches himself out at full length on the shady side of his kennel.

In about two hours the house gradually reawakens, doors begin to creak, the names of the various servants are bawled out in all tones, from bass to falsetto, and footsteps are heard in the yard. Soon a man servant issues from the kitchen, bearing an enormous tea urn, which puffs like a little steam engine. The family assembles for tea.



### A GOOD LAWYER.

George Washington, Sr.—George, did you cut down that cherry tree?

George Washington, Jr.—Did you see me?

George Washington, Sr.—Yes, sir; I did.

George Washington, Jr.—Father, I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little hatchet.

### Reduced Rates to the Seashore.

Annual Low-Rate Excursions to Atlantic City, Cape May, etc., via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The next Pennsylvania Railroad low-rate fifteen-day excursion for the present season from Erie, Rouseville, Corry, Dunkirk, Buffalo, Olean, Rochester, Bradford, Tionesta, Warren, Clermont, DuBois, and principal intermediate stations to Renovo, inclusive, to Atlantic City, Cape May, Sea Isle City, or Ocean City, N.J., will be run on August 15. A similar excursion will be run on August 25.

Excursion tickets, good to return by regular trains within fifteen days, will be sold at very low rates. Tickets to Atlantic City will be sold via the Delaware River Bridge Route, the only all-rail line, or via Market Street Wharf, Philadelphia. Tickets from Erie, Rouseville, Tionesta, Summerdale, Ludlow, and intermediate stations will be good going on trains leaving Erie at 6.50 a.m. and 5.35 p.m., and connecting trains therewith. Tickets from other points good going on all regular trains.

Train leaving Buffalo at 9.00 a.m. will be run through to Atlantic City.

Stop-over can be had at Philadelphia either going or returning. For information in regard to specific rates and time of trains, consult handbooks, apply to ticket agents; E. S. Harbord, Division Ticket Agent, Williamsport, Pa., or B. P. Fraser, Passenger Agent, Buffalo Division, 307 Main street, Ellicott Square, Buffalo, N.Y.

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**The Choice of Good Shoes**

here is both exceptionally and surprisingly large. You will be particularly interested in our Hagar Shoe, \$4.00, \$5.00.

**H. & C. BLACHFORD, 114 Yonge St.**

### Belied the Stories.

The city sportsman armed with flies of every shape and color, a five-and-a-half-ounce rod and a patent reel, and a treatise on fly-casting under his arm, wended his way toward the country stream.

He passed a country youth who, with a rough pole and line, was trying to lure trout from the stream with worm bait. The lad directed a look of scorn at the outfit the city man carried.

After a couple of hours of fishing the two anglers, with their contrasting equipments, met again.

"What luck, mister?" asked the country youth.

"Twelve fat trout, four black bass and some pickerel," said the dude fisherman. "What have you landed?"

"Didn't catch a single thing," answered the native.

Struck with a sudden thought, the

country youth continued, somewhat bitterly:

"Say, mister, when you go back to the city, hunt up some of those writer fellows and tell 'em to quit makin' up them fishing stories about how the country kid's pole and bent pin always beat the bamboo rod in the city man's hand. It don't allus turn out that way!"

### It's English, You Know.

The Englishman in Canada is generally a pipe smoker and looks for the old familiar names on the tins of tobacco he buys. The name of Lambert & Butler is a guarantee of quality, and their reputation is world-wide. The Garrick Smoking Tobacco, which they are now introducing in Canada, is the finest pipe tobacco made. Seventy-five cents per quarter-pound tin of all first-class tobaccoists.





## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a sixteen-page, handsomely illustrated paper published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

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## THE DRAMA

By the end of the month the city theaters will be open for another season. Many changes have been made in the interiors of most of the playhouses. The Princess, the Grand and Shea's are being extensively refitted. For the past two months the stage and body of the house at the Princess have been undergoing alterations. The stage has been widened, the dressing-rooms have been made more commodious, and five hundred new orchestra chairs of the latest approved design have been installed. The decorations of the entire house have been touched, and new carpets have been laid throughout. The Grand also has been somewhat altered. The whole house has been re-decorated in ivory and gold and dark red, making its appearance much lighter and more pleasing to the eye. Shea's Theater will have a new stage, new scenery, and a new drop curtain. The interior of the house has been re-painted, and special new carpets imported from England are to be put down.

Shea's will open on August 14. The Grand will open on August 21 with Haverley's Minstrels, to be followed by *San Toy* for the first week of exhibition. The Princess will open on August 28 with Lew Dockstader's Minstrels. It has been definitely announced that a new theater will be built next year on the site of the Princess.

A popular theater for Paris, that long has been discussed by a small group of architects, artists, musicians and men of letters of that capital, is again mooted. The plan is for an open-air amphitheater of the classical type on the site of the former palace of the Tuilleries. Designs for it have been drawn, but there is no practical movement for its building.

Mrs. Harrison Grey Fiske is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Jack London, in Oakland, Cal., and in a few days will start on her leisurely return to the East, where she will conclude her summer rest in the Adirondacks.

Mr. Clyde Fitch arrived in New York on the *Celtic* on July 29. His first work will be the staging of his comedy, *Her Great Match*, in which Maxine Elliott will star. As is his custom, Mr. Fitch will personally conduct the rehearsals. The play will be presented for the first time on September 4 in New York.

The Cross of the Legion of Honor was conferred upon an actress for the first time, last week. Madame Bartet, of the Comédie Française, was the recipient of the honor. It is said that her long connection with the Comédie was the reason that led the Minister of Public Instruction to bestow the decoration on her. It is reported that the authorities who confer this honor hesitated a long time before creating "what they thought might prove an unwelcome precedent." There is also a report that friends of Sarah Bernhardt are angry that she has been passed by, "since a number of them united in a demand for her decoration seven or eight years ago." It is added that Bernhardt "has sworn that she will become a member of the order ere she dies."

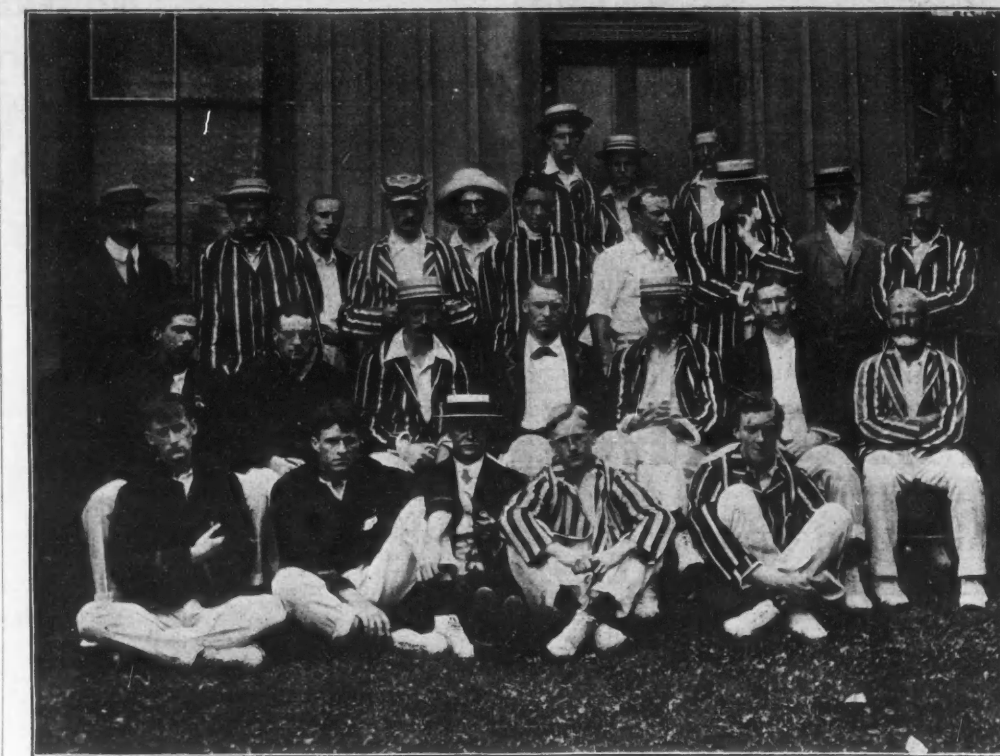
According to the *Herald*, the total amount invested in the theatrical business in the United States is \$300,000,000, and the annual receipts \$50,000,000. The number of theaters is given as over 2,600. It is presumed, of course, that this number doesn't include village "opera houses" and ten-cent enterprises in cities. Some of the playhouses which figure largely in running up the aggregate investment to \$300,000,000 are the \$3,500,000 Hippodrome, the \$3,000,000 Metropolitan Opera House, the \$2,000,000 New York Theater, and the Criterion, which has cost to date nearly \$2,000,000. There are fifty-seven theaters in New York, not counting the Hippodrome and the opera house. The gross receipts for the New York season of thirty-five weeks are about \$11,970,000. New York pays for opera alone in the winter season nearly \$1,000,000. Philadelphia pays into its theaters in the season about \$3,000,000. Baltimore \$750,000, Washington \$1,000,000, Pittsburgh and Cincinnati the same, Chicago about \$5,000,000, St. Louis \$2,000,000, San Francisco \$1,200,000, New Orleans \$500,000, and other cities in proportion.

Praydon, the playwright, with a well-founded idea that nothing arouses applause at a theater so much as any demonstration that has the appearance of spite or malice against the play or players, bethought him that he would enlist the sympathy of the audience by going in front and hissing his own play. He carried out the plan with such apparent vindictiveness that he fairly provoked the indignant anger of a neighbor, who offered him some severe remonstrances upon the impropriety of his conduct. Praydon, delighted with his success, obstinately persisted until his expostulator, driven out of all endurance, turned upon him and belabored him soundly, thus satisfying the dramatist that his popularity was too secure to be affected by the spite of any cabal. The author at last got out of the hands of his own champion, and left the theater confused but content.

### The Cricket Match at Rosedale.

THE aggregation of English cricketers representing the M.C.C. who played a fairly representative eleven of Toronto at Rosedale on the first three days of the week, is probably the youngest team from "across the pond" which has ever visited the city, but they can go back to England and claim that no other English eleven was ever accorded a more enthusiastic reception than that which they received on the opening day of the match.

A larger crowd has never assembled to witness a cricket match in Toronto, or perhaps elsewhere in the Dominion, and notwithstanding that an inexcusable delay took place at the commencement of the game, and that the spectators showed unmistakable signs of impatience in consequence, the appearance of the two first batsmen was responsible for possibly as great a display of enthusiasm as was ever witnessed on the Rosedale grounds. It was only equalled throughout the match by the heartiness of the reception accorded the veteran of the



The players who represented M.C.C. and Toronto at Rosedale on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Photo by Percival Dean, Toronto.

home eleven, Rev. F. W. Terry, when the popular representative of the Mimico Asylum Club emerged, bat in hand, from the pavilion.

It is safe to say that there were hundreds among the spectators who had never previously seen a match of what in England is commonly called "the manly game." They had heard cricket described as a slow game, and to such as these the display witnessed while the visitors were batting was a revelation. Possibly few of the many cricketers present ever saw a more lively game, or witnessed a better display of all-round cricket generally. It is true that during the first innings of the Englishmen three "lives" were accorded that proved very expensive, but apart from these "errors" the Toronto men fielded remarkably well, the work of the field generally being about the best we ever remember seeing on the part of a Toronto eleven.

Although defeated, Toronto need not be ashamed of it. Its representatives tried conclusions with a good second-rate English team—men who had been playing several matches together, who understand thoroughly each other's play, and who proved by the way they moved between the wickets and seized every conceivable opportunity to make runs, that, at any rate as far as the cricketer is concerned, the Englishman is not so slow after all.

The match itself will, or should, furnish a lesson to those who have the arranging of future international fixtures. In the first place, it should teach them that if these games are to be patronized to any extent the spectators should not be treated to so much delay; and it should serve to remind them that when meeting an English team of expert batsmen the best possible selection of players should be made, and, above all, that a little more discretion should be used in picking the bowlers. Had the Toronto team possessed a slow bowler the possibility is that, whilst it is not likely that defeat would have been averted, yet a much better showing might have been made than that which Toronto's representatives made in the match against an eleven from the Marylebone Cricket Club.

COVER-POINT.



Customer—Waiter, this steak is like leather. Take it away.  
Waiter—Can't change it now, sir, you've bent it.—The Tatler.

### By the Way.

HOW very grown-up the Toronto Exhibition has become since the days when we first attended it and were made glad with pink popcorn and purple balloons! It has blossomed into the "Canadian National," with bands from over the sea and pictures loaned by the gracious permission of His Majesty King Edward VII. The days are coming when the Parkdale citizen will be full of mourning, for King street west means the Exhibition for a whole fortnight, and he who desires to go farther usually fares worse. It is a joyous time for those who are in a flat or have taken to a boarding-house and are therefore insured against the visits of friends who have just "run up for a day or two to see the Exhibition." Uneasy lies the head of the householder, for it usually reposes on a sofa downstairs while the wife's relatives have taken possession of all the bedrooms and the small boy is making merry on a camp-bed in the hall. We are promised all sorts of good things this year, with the Coronation picture by Edwin Abbey, R.A., well in the foreground. The art treasures sent over from England are said to be much more interesting than the Jubilee presents which we saw two years ago. The latter were too monotonous to excite much curiosity, as an array of gold and silver caskets does not afford room for enthusiasm unless one is a prospective owner of the caskets. The carved throne from India and the presents sent by Lady Dufferin were much more impressive than the display of Jubilee gifts. We are always accused of being a material people, hence it is comforting to reflect that the managers of the Exhibition have so much confidence in the taste of Canadians that they have brought out the productions of the "Academy," in the belief that they will prove as attractive as the large pumpkins and the agricultural implements.

Speaking of taste reminds one of the scathing rebuke recently administered by the Premier of Great Britain to that tiresome young man, Mr. Winston Churchill. In criticizing Mr. Churchill's recent aberrations in politics, Mr. Balfour remarked that he might offer advice to their perpetrator, but unfortunately good taste was not to be acquired by industry. This sounds like the old Balfour of the Irish Administration and recalls the opinion of one of his followers that there was no fighter like Balfour when he stood with back to the wall. There is a poignancy in his late defence that brings him out as if he were the only man in the Government. Forgotten were free food considerations and the Education Bill, to say nothing of the ways of the War Office, and the nation for a moment saw only a good fighter at bay.

The numerous farewells of Patti and Irving have taken the shallow set to the ridiculous, and the last return of each artist was greeted with more amusement than enthusiasm. There were not three wet eyes in Massey Hall when Patti warbled *Comin' Thro' the Rye*. But it is good news, indeed, that Mr. John Hare has reconsidered his retirement, from which he will soon emerge to gladden a world that is none too thickly strewn with actors of his type. The announcement is made that he is coming to America, and in this case, let us hope that the continental name includes Toronto. The "comfortable life of a country gentleman" has palled, it seems, on the alert little man with the golden voice who delighted a continent with *A Pair of Spectacles*, not to speak of *Gay Lord Quer*, with his sparkling naughtiness. He was so positive in his assertion that his stage life was over that the public will be slow to believe him again. It is only rest, not retirement, that most weary people need, and it is astonishing to find how soon the worker is eager for the holiday to pass. A man longs unspeakably for the scenes of his boyhood and becomes almost tearful when he reads Rileys poems about sweet clover and when the cows come home. He makes a noble resolve to get away from business cares and finally reaches the old farm, kept by his home-staying brother. The first day is glorious. He cannot get enough country air, the milk is rich and satisfying, the fresh eggs are to his palate infinitely better than the ones for which he has been paying the city grocer at the rate of forty cents a dozen. Every prospect pleases and he goes to bed early, sinking into a feathery recess with a sigh of satisfaction. But the second day begins to drag; he yawns heavily in the afternoon, wonders where he can get a newspaper, and finds that his farmer brother is too tired out after supper to care for anything but sleep. In less than a week he is packing his valise for the homeward trip and is absolutely afraid that old Dick, the only horse that can be spared, cannot get to the station in time. How good the sight of the newsboy on the train, how musical the clang of the street cars, yea, even the groaning of the for-horn at the Island. There is only one word in the world that means forgetfulness and that is "work," although some of us may feel like emulating Jerome K. Jerome, who according to his grandmother's accounts could do less work in more time than any other boy she knew.

A burial is usually a gruesome undertaking, but as a wise journalist remarks, "the possibility that the American and French Governments are going through a series of elaborate ceremonies over the body of some unknown Frenchman which they are mistaking for the body of John Paul Jones, creates a situation that may easily turn from the sublime to the reverse." Under the extremely dubious circumstances, the benighted Briton finds it rather amusing that the ten-cent magazines and Sunday papers of the United States should be ablaze with pictures of that delectable pirate, John Paul Jones, and representations of the capture of the *Serapis* by *Ben Homme Richard*. It would be bad enough to make a mistake in a living hero and greet plain Mr. Jones with acclamation when the genuine Admiral John Paul was coming out on the next ship. But to become oratorical and tearful and have dear little school-children write essays over the wrong corpse is a situation unprovided for by any "Guide to Good Society." The French people must be secretly amused by the doubts concerning the deceased gentleman, but they courteously treat the departing coffin with the respect due to John Paul Jones, late of the United States Navy.

Do you believe in ghosts? Of course not. Yet some wise people have spent much time and thought on how we may be defended against them. The attitude of most people is probably that of the man who protested that he did not believe in ghosts, but was afraid of them. There is a thrill about the old-fashioned ghost story that no modern tale of machinery talking and automobile adventure can give. Toronto is such a good, practical town that we have few haunted houses. There is one, at least, and it looks the part, but I believe it is soon to be torn down, and in that case the ghost will pack its phantom trunk and depart. No one has anything definite to tell about the sights and sounds, but it is, as an old Southern mammy would say, "po'ful skeery." Not many miles from the city of Kingston, on the banks of a little river, is a "haunted" mill that brings back titles of Wilkie Collins' most ghastly yarns. Every leaf of the ivy clustering about the old place seems to whisper of mysterious deeds and unhappy lives. There are stories told long ago about the quaint ruins, and no one seems to care to demolish such of the building as remains. But some day the politicians who are busy developing the country will discover the old place and away it will go to make room for a "plant" of hideous construction. At eight o'clock in the morning it is a place of unquiet dreams and weird moanings. Of course, no twentieth century tourist believes any of the stories—but, well, it's a queer old place.

We have all heard of the tired old woman who declared at the end of her life that "she was going to do nothing for ever and ever." And now there arises an Englishman who says that very few people are capable of sitting still. He indignantly says, "Shoo'd in infancy out of their meditations, grown men and women rarely relapse into repose." If he can talk thus of his fellow-countrymen, what would he say of this side of the Atlantic, described by one of us as "a nation in a hurry"? We seldom sit still, for it seems to have become a necessity to tap the foot on the floor, fumble with a ring or a bracelet, or screw the features about until the eye-brows almost recede into the hair. One morning last week, two well-dressed women walked along King street vigorously chewing gum. "Could anything spoil their faces more surely?" said a disgusted observer. "If they were smoking cigarettes they would at least be picturesque. Venus herself could not chew gum."

"You mean Venus wouldn't," said a proper young person. CANADIAN.

Bridegroom-elect (purchasing the usual buttonhole)—I want some flowers! Florist (sympathetically)—Yes, sir. A cross or a wreath?



# How the Toronto Undergraduate Works His Way Through College.

"OTHER o' them darn agents," said the farmer to the hired man, as they both leaned on their forks in the wheat-field and watched a bright young chap dismount from his bicycle, unstrap a little black box, and walk across the stubble to them. It was no farmer in particular, and the agent was any one of the hundred or so of students who pay their way in full or in part through Toronto University by their summer canvassing. For of those who look for their college year's expenses to other work than that directly connected with their course no small percentage enroll as agents for books or—what generally brings larger returns—stereoscopic views.

Every year sees a larger number of students of the colleges of Canada and of the United States meeting by their own efforts their educational expenses, and the colleges are taking an increasing pride in their undergraduates who thus help themselves. In some of the American universities as high as ninety per cent. of the undergraduates are to a greater or less degree self-supporting. In the University of Toronto the greater part of the students are doing something, either in vacation time or during the term, toward their own support.

The student body is made up of three classes—those who contribute no part, those who contribute a part, and those who contribute all of their expenses. In certain departments of our Provincial University, summer work on the part of the students is absolutely necessary. The granting of the diploma is conditional upon the doing of such work. Those of the School of Science are all, practically without exception, employed in practical work along the line of their studies. Some will be found in mechanical or electrical workshops, others again in foundries. Some are off on surveys in Northern Ontario, or out in the West, on the transit, with the chain, or employed as axemen. Others, again, are working on bridges, or superintending the building of roads. The medical students, or "Meds" as they are more familiarly known, are in the hospitals, are engaged as doctors' assistants, or are working in drug stores. "Theologs" are off on mission fields, mostly in the West, or are supplying pulpits nearer home while the regular ministers are away on their holidays. The "Dents" are working with dental practitioners. It is among the Arts men that the drones are found in the greatest number, for with them summer work is not a matter of academic, but only of financial, necessity. But it is also among these men that the romance, the heroism, that is often so real a part of this scheme of self-support, is found in largest measure. For while the students of the other faculties have their summer work more or less clearly defined, those of the Arts faculty have a field as broad as their originality and energy can make it.

The cities of Canada being so small in comparison with such centers of population as New York or Chicago, the American student finds a much more varied field than does the Canadian. The student of Columbia University finds in New York not only all the openings that the undergraduate at Toronto has, but many that his fellow worker in the smaller town never dreams of. He enrolls as a fireman; he lights street lamps; he stokes for furnaces; he acts as guide to parties of tourists. Many of the American colleges have what do not, so far as I am aware, exist to any extent in Canadian universities—bureaus of "self-help." These are great aids, not only to the students themselves, but to those business and professional men who more and more every year are relying on student assistance.

After the "Varsity term" closes not a few Toronto students may be seen around town employed in different capacities. Perhaps he has turned stenographer; possibly hotel clerk. It is no uncommon thing to see behind the counter at one of the big stores a face that was familiar in the college rotunda. A position in the Parliament Buildings in Queen's Park as statistician or sessional clerk is considered a choice plum. As the work is easy, the hours comparatively short, the pay good, and the position quite respectable, there are always many applicants. There are nearly always a few High School or Public School teachers needed for May and June and these



"He who sells you summer drinks in Muskoka."

are supplied from the undergraduate body. Take a trip by rail, or a holiday on the water, and it is quite possible your parlor-car conductor or your porter, your purser or your steward, will be one whose name has just appeared in the examination list. Go on a canoe trip up the northern lakes and streams, and perhaps the well-built fire-ranger, with his frank, intelligent face, was one of the team that McGill so badly trounced in last fall's unfortunate game. The chances are that the bell-boy out at Banff, B.C., whose politeness and inbred courtesy you noted, is coming back to "Varsity" when the term opens in October. Some half-dozen students, I believe, left in the spring for the big hotel there. The baggage-smasher who looks after your trunks could, perhaps, give Cicero pointers in Latin prose, while he in the white apron who sells you summer drinks in Muskoka made a discovery last year in the laboratory that was favorably noted in scientific circles in Germany.

Even during the college term itself many earn a fair portion of their expenses. In the large American cities some students are paid to act as ushers in churches, to sing in choirs, to conduct mission classes, to help the hostess in the entertainment of her guests at an evening party. Some organize eating-houses in their universities, others wait on their fellow students at table. One who began by delivering milk to the families of the professors has worked up so large a custom that he owns and manages a large dairy. Many are given a certain amount of employment by the colleges themselves as janitors, bell-ringers, assistants in laboratories and gymnasiums, even as ordinary carpenters and mechanics. The pay for such work is generally about twenty cents an hour.

Toronto, however, being a small university, gives employment to none except laboratory assistants, etc. But there are many outside ways in which an enterprising student may greatly lighten his expense account. Tutoring is the most profitable. Fifty cents an hour is generally the lowest amount offered, and often the remuneration is much more. The city dailies for the last year or two have been taking a greater interest in the University, and three of them, the *Globe*, *Telegram* and *Star*, run columns of University news every week. The correspondents are University students, and although the field is not very extensive, the remuneration is fair and those who are fortunate enough to secure the position of correspondent have a valuable asset. Occasionally a needy student secures a position in a city night school for two or three nights a week. Some spend their spare hours waiting over the counter in stores or in doing a little insurance canvassing. A limited amount of clerical work may sometimes be had. By attending to furnaces, shovelling snow, etc., a room is sometimes secured for nothing or next to nothing. Theological students are always on the lookout for "supplies," each of which is generally worth a clear five dollars. Occasionally a student works an advertising scheme. For instance, an idea that must have been worth four or five hundred dollars last year to its originator was that of a large time-table. Business men who aimed at the student trade bought hundreds of dollars' worth of space, and the time-table was circulated among the different faculties free.

There are a few offices in the gift of the student body to



She (thinking to take his mind off)—How restless the waves are, dad. They always seem to be clamoring for something. Dad—Well, they won't get it if I can help it.—The Tailor.

which a more or less valuable honorarium is attached. The secretaryship of the Undergraduates' Union is worth one hundred dollars. If the business manager of *'Varsity*, the students' organ, can work the advertisers successfully, he can make two hundred or two hundred and fifty dollars for himself, and half as much for each of the two editors. *Torontoensis*, a yearly volume containing the history of the graduating year, is sometimes worth a couple of hundred to its business manager.

Not uncommonly the self-supporting student finds the struggle too severe and is compelled to drop out a year and thus extend his college course over five, or even six or seven years. Others, again, work through the summer and late into the fall, coming back to the city for the spring term.

Among colleges generally, and Toronto in particular, the academic stand of the self-supporting student is well above the average. He is often working under a tremendous handicap, but the qualities of invention and perseverance which his struggle for existence in the material world develops are the very qualities that insure success when the struggle is transferred to the intellectual world. I think it would be quite safe to say that seventy-five per cent. of those who once held the highest offices in the gift of the undergraduates of Toronto have been men largely dependent for their college course on their own efforts. I have in mind a man whose name among students of history is world-wide. When he enrolled as an undergraduate in the University of Toronto he had less than twenty-five dollars. Another, who graduated with all the scholarships and medals the University could give him, worked for a time in a printing-office down town as a compositor, from eight at night to four in the morning, and attended lectures during the day. Another, a well-known minister, spent his vacations as a street-car conductor, when the city had the old horse cars.

The lad who is plucky and persevering, who has in his make-up no false pride, but who is willing to encounter hardship, perhaps privation, will win his degree eventually, perhaps with the highest honors, but certainly with the respect of the professors and his fellow students.

## Vengeance is Ours.

They've boosted the indemnity a thousand dollars more, And, since so high a rate each member quotes, 'Twould surely be no sin for us to even up the score. By boosting higher up the price of votes. W. F. W.

Old Soak—Did you ever see the sea serpent? Guzzler—No, old boy. I never got beyond the pink mouse stage.



Mother—Come along; don't be frightened; he's stuffed! Child—Yes, but he may have room for a little chap like me!—Sketch.

## Etchings in the Ward.

MRS. CRAYON and her niece, Miss Pastel—from Rosedale—took a stroll through St. John's Ward just the other evening. The young lady took her sketch-book. Mrs. Crayon preferred smelling-salts.

"We must see the children playing," Miss P. had insisted; which was the reason they had chosen the evening. They left the carriage at Yonge street and went on foot along Agnes street; past Teraulay, Chestnut and Elizabeth, without using either sketch-book or smelling-salts. They had suddenly got into a panorama of local color; of bareheaded, half-clad people; of cramped-up shacks; of vagrant, almost sheer animal life.

"What shall we see more on Center avenue," said Miss P. "The utter vulgarity of mere population!" reiterated Mrs. C. "What can anybody see to admire in such swarms of little beings?"

By the time they had reached Center avenue, which is the real Midway, the two ladies had seen and heard at least seven hundred children—long, restless lines of them reaching north and south in the soft light of the summer evening; screaming at play; fighting at ball; rolling in the dry garbage of the street; promiscuous, happy and unwashed.

On the Midway the picture was complete. Miss Pastel observed that what few trees there were looked healthy. "Dirt and open air, my dear, are always healthy," said Mrs. C. "Even health is vulgar—too much of it. Goodness knows there don't seem to be any lawns here, and not a blade of grass left on the boulevards. Why in the world did they build the houses fair on the street?"

"To make room in the rear for more houses, auntie," answered Miss Pastel. "Didn't you glance up some of those alleyways?"

At the corner the two women's attention was directed away from houses and lawns.

"This is humanity," almost sighed Miss P., as she fumbled her sketch-book. She looked south—a dodging vista of children, the street dotted with them as a pool is etched with gnats. Northward the picture was even more human. Center avenue was one elongated scream in all the keys of childhood. At the corner an improvised nine of little ragtags played baseball on a bit of scuffed, grassless boulevard as big as a quilt.

"My, such language!" said Mrs. C. "Why, you rude little wretch!"—for the rag ball had struck Mrs. C.'s chateleine, and the pitcher was grinning slantwise as he called his comrades' attention to "de waxworks."

A junk-wagon drove in and stopped, almost running over a bow-legged little thing in a slouchy piny, which caused the big driver to shake his fist wickedly five times at the child. Afterwards he familiarly embraced a rather loose-hung pretty girl of fifteen who was lounging about the hay-bales in a shed.

Mrs. C. consulted her phial and muttered something about the man's brutal vulgarity. Miss P. jotted down a few notes, saying how dearly she would have loved to get a picture of the girl at the hay.

On they went down the avenue. Between Agnes street and the Armories they passed hundreds of children, all busy, all playing at something. An occasional clean child elicited a remark from Mrs. C.

"They play just because they're human," said Miss P. "Or rather, I suppose it's animal instinct. They have scarcely any games, as you see, and they don't sing much—more screaming than anything else—yet they all seem happy."

Mrs. C. admitted that it was not much of a kindergarten; some of the language she had heard would not sound well in songs. As for the clothes, none of them seemed to have more than they needed.

Miss P. became profoundly interested in a grime-streaked midget with tousled hair who sat in the doorway of a little store, nursing a rag doll.

"Notice," she said with some enthusiasm, "that doll has been made out of an old apron, a bit of black cloth for a head and a string tied about the waist. Yet she is singing to it—calling it her baby. How beautiful is imagination in a child!"

An unkempt woman shuffled down the sidewalk, carrying an oil-can. She paused as she entered the door and surveyed with a stolid, almost sad look the ragamuffin with the rag doll.

"Somebody's mother," said Miss Pastel in a low tone. "She has several children, some of whom she probably leaves at home with the elder ones while she goes out to do housework. How I should like to know exactly what her thoughts are as she watches that child! Is she saying to herself that the little girl who lavishes her maternal instinct on the doll will one day think less of a real child than now she does of the doll that never cries, never eats and needs no clothes?"

"You are preaching, Amelia," said Mrs. C. severely. "Don't you know that people like those are just fated to have children? My, just look at the vulgarity of that little imp!"

The child with the doll had suddenly flung herself full length on the step.

"Why, aunt," said Miss P., laughing, "it's merely the nude in nature, which is surely not less natural than the nude in art."

"Well, of course, the child is perfectly cool that way, I dare say," admitted Mrs. C. "But as for beauty—well now, Amelia, perhaps you'll say that's beautiful also?"

She indicated with her parasol a group of mothers sitting on a doorstep. Two of them were holding babies so small as to be scarcely visible.

"And that is one of the most beautiful sights in nature," insisted the other with a serious look. "Motherhood has always about it something of the sublime. Those babies need no nursing-bottles."

On the next doorstep sat a woman mending. The garment was a child's—already patched and torn again. Along down the street sat a score of women, some busy, others gossiping in Yiddish or Russian, all taking the cool air, while the bearded men folk stood about in groups jabbering near the alleyways. Close to the sidewalk stood a peddler. He had a toy express wagon topped with a huge rack in three decks, on the lowest of which was a lot of cheap glassware; on the next dress goods, mostly coarse prints and calicoes; on the next fancy goods; while from the sides hung hosiery, braces and handkerchiefs. It was a department store drawn by hand, and the wives were gathering about it for bargains.

This interested Mrs. Crayon quite as much as the numerous baby carriages and go-carts which animated the sidewalk. Then something else caught her attention just as Amelia was busy jotting down impressions in her sketch-book. She had been keenly scrutinizing the women.

"Amelia," she said with stately severity, "perhaps it's not



"Look on this picture—"

sensible to talk as though there were really any standards of decency in this neighborhood. You may consider me a prude—but I'm quite sure there isn't a woman in Toronto anywhere north of College street who would be seen on the streets in such a condition as even the most vulgar masculine eye is able to observe in at least a dozen of those women. It's positively improper. I do hope you're not sketching any of those creatures."

"Well, auntie, suppose we ignore the artistic in this case—and call it merely political economy," suggested Miss P. "Anyway, the women are better on the cool street than stifling in the hovels they call homes."

"As though it were merely a question of cattle," retorted Mrs. C. "Mere population, my dear, in any aspect, is a vulgarity. A landscape never is. Art must recognize the beautiful and the sublime—not the merely necessary and the physical."

This lecture on art lasted Mrs. C. until the two visitors had turned and got well out of the Jewish quarter into the Italian precinct about Agnes street. Here the banana carts were slowly trundling in. Yonder came a street piano. The street was even more noisy here. The men smoking in groups talked faster; the women laughed more; the children were even more animated, and from sundry windows came the noise of disgruntled accordions.

"Italian is so much more musical than Yiddish or German or Russian—don't you think so, auntie?"

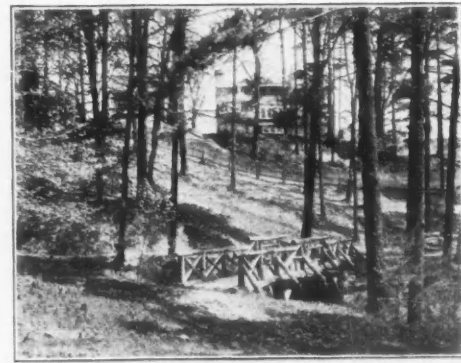
Miss P. had put away her sketch-book. It was nearing dusk, a time for hearing rather than seeing. All that part of the Midway was now a nervous jargon as many-keyed as an organ; and above it all rose and floated the shrill concerted scream of the children, the littlest of whom were yet hours out of bed.

"All this gives one an Old World sensation," mused Miss P. "It seems to call up in the mind a picture of the humanities—the people who are born to poverty and in whom no poverty can ever kill the light of the divine."

"You are uttering fudge, Amelia," said Mrs. C. "My head is positively aching. I prefer the peaceful haunts of Rosedale."

But Miss P. insisted on going to the end of the avenue. Here at the junction of Christopher street was a mob of adults and children. The street was literally choked with them. To the right a family was busy moving—handing beds, chairs and mattresses out of an upstairs window into a dray. Farther up, and forming a pensive little picture by itself, was a group standing about a tiny organ on the street. At the organ sat a girl with a book of music and Italian words. Three men were singing in raucous tones an Italian translation of "When He cometh to make up His jewels." The organ droned the accompaniment.

"Amelia," said Mrs. C. sternly, "I don't understand Latin, but from the words that went to that tune when you were a child, I should say those people are simply singing a ridiculous burlesque. A jewel, my dear, takes centuries to produce. Such people as these are born every hour. Thank goodness they don't even believe the pious nonsense themselves. Let's



—and on that."

get back. No, we won't go by Yonge street. It's only a step or two to University avenue. The carriage will meet us there. I gave orders to the coachman."

Miss Pastel smiled as she turned. The two visitors to the Ward left, one of them never to return; the other to muse somewhat on the strange lessons in life of which she had got at least an inkling from that tour.

AUGUSTUS BRIDLE.

## Cause and Effect.

(Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the American poetess, gives this advice: "Work hard and marry early.")

Ella would be correct if her Conditions were reversed—Most every chap who did the last Will have to do the first.

So, Ella, if you would be true, Put young folks on their guard; Revise your motto, let it read "Wed early—and work hard."

W. F. W.

Benedict—Milton's wife left him, didn't she? Bachelor—That's the story. Benedict—Did he write anything after that event? Bachelor—Oh, yes; *Paradise Regained*.



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### Earrings.

HERE is perhaps more diversity of opinion respecting the wearing of earrings than with regard to the use of any other ornament. One person considers that the earring is the prettiest possible adornment to the delicate ear of a pretty woman, while another declares with brutal frankness that it is nothing but a "relic of barbarism."

Opponents of the fashion of wearing earrings are, indeed, prone to allude to it as a barbarous fashion, but their reason for doing so are puerile in the extreme. To bore the ears, they say—well, obviously we ought to grow accustomed to that, seeing that everybody's ears are more or less bored every day—to pierce the ears, then, it may be amended—is, they contend, a foolish, unnecessary, and wholly indefensible act of mutilation, an act that might be pardoned in the ignorant savage, but that is altogether unworthy of representatives of latter-day civilization. Such objections, however, are too childish and trivial to be considered worthy of serious notice. The operation is a matter of a few seconds only, and is not so much felt as the prick of a pin; moreover, the tiny hole that is made for the reception of the gold wire or ring is so far from being a disfigurement that it is, in some cases, almost impossible to detect whether the ears have been pierced or not.

As for being a barbarous ornament; what about the skins of dead animals and bird corpses used as personal adornments, for barbarism pure and simple? Come to that, every ornament is more or less a relic of barbarism—brooches, chains, pins, belts, clasps, headresses of various kinds, feathers, beads, etc.

The very antiquity of the earring ought to render it more valuable and make it more highly prized and admired. We know that it is an ornament of the remotest historical antiquity, and that a considerable number of remarkably beautiful examples—beautiful alike in material, design, and workmanship—have been brought to light by Dr. Schliemann in Peloponnesus and that other ear jewels and ornaments—perhaps more perfect than any modern examples, however artistic they may be—have been found in the sepulchres of ancient Etruria and Greece by Signor Castellani.

East and West women of nearly all nations have favored earrings as articles of personal adornment. In many Oriental races, with the exception of Hebrews and Egyptians, both sexes have worn earrings. Among the Persians, Babylonians, Lydians, Libyans and Carthaginians both men and women did so; but in the West the usage has been confined to the softer sex. At one time a single earring was worn, but as a rule, two ornaments that matched and made a perfect pair were most in favor.

What enhances a woman's beauty more than jewels? Diamonds that sparkle like her eyes; rubies that rival her lips; pearls that gleam like her teeth. And when the jewel is hung in her dainty ear, quivering and shining and glowing anew with every movement of its wearer, where could be found a more beautiful ornament or decoration for Beauty's self? It is said that in the world-renowned statue of the Venus de Medici the ears are pierced for the reception of earrings, so the animate Venus of to-day may point to her celebrated and classic model if she is desirous of pleading precedent as an excuse for her vanity.

It is a matter of common knowledge that among the Greeks and Romans women wore earrings. From *Hera* in the *Iliad* down to the beauties of our own time this ornament has been patronized and admired. Pliny, indeed, tells us that the Romans spent more money on earrings than on any other article of dress or adornment; while as for the Egyptians, it is universally admitted that the ear-ornaments worn by them were of wonderful and exquisite beauty, judging by the specimens that have been preserved, and the antique designs of which have been imitated down to the present day.

One wonders that earrings are not in universal favor, considering how eager women usually are to follow fashions set or adhered to by Royal ladies, when we call to mind the fact that all the most beautiful, graceful, and distinguished-looking queens and princesses in Europe, whether of the past generation or the present, are faithful to their earrings, wearing them constantly, and never omitting them on state occasions.

### English Language Goes Ahead.

The English language has more than doubled in percentage of votaries in Europe during the last one hundred years. In 1802 only twelve per cent. of Europe's population spoke English, whereas today more than twenty-seven per cent. speak it. At the same time all the other European languages have lost ground. Besides, there are more English-speaking people in the United States, Canada, Australia, South Africa, etc., than in England proper, and the three hundred millions of India are now being added to the British tongue.

*Facious Guest*—Waiter, where is that Camembert cheese I ordered about an hour ago? Are you importing it especially for me? *Equally Facious Waiter*—Yes, sir. I think it has been detained in quarantine!



THE WORLD'S MOST WONDERFUL CROP.  
A field of Panama hats set out to dry.

### ITEMS OF INTEREST

At a time when the average Briton is given over to chastising or patronizing the Russians it is a very useful corrective for him to know that nearly every Russian soldier knows Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Mr. Maurice Baring, by far the most literate of the correspondents who have been at the front, says that you can buy Milton's poem in Russia from 12 roubles to 30 kopecks, and that in a fair at Moscow a moujik found him looking at a copy and advised him to buy it. It is possible, indeed, to purchase *Paradise Lost* at almost any village booth.

The fashionable handkerchief of today must be as small as possible, and the newest thing is a tiny handkerchief to be carried in the glove. It is a piece of the finest muslin a few inches square trimmed with lace and small enough and soft enough to be kept in the glove. On it the name or monogram is embroidered in the smallest letters, and the whole thing is so useful that the owner only just escapes being without a handkerchief at all.

It is not often nowadays that ladies, royal or otherwise, are charged with spending too little money on their frocks. Yet that seems to be the head and front of Queen Helena's offending. The Italians are tired of her economical ways and do not care about paying \$642,000 a year to a Queen who wears the same gown two successive years at the races and only gives two balls in the year. As a matter of fact neither the King nor Queen ever patronize the theater or public entertainments, never pay a visit at a private house, or interest themselves at all in the social life of the capital. The suspicion that the money saved goes to the poor relations, in Montenegro, who are by no means popular in Rome, only serves to increase the openly expressed discontent.

The fair sex of Roumania are at war with the educational authorities of that country, in consequence of an order which has been issued decreeing that girls attending the public schools must not wear corsets. As education is compulsory, the order practically means the total abandonment of this article of dress, and whilst the educational authorities remain firm "the enemy" have gathered to their ranks a large number of manufacturers and tradespeople interested in the make and sale of corsets. The order has been in vogue sufficient time to allow of the publication of statistics as to its effect upon health, and, as the results are declared to be beneficial, the authorities have ordered that all directors of private educational establishments must prevent the wearing of corsets by their pupils. A great discussion has been started now, since the new decision affects the children of the wealthy class, who regard the corset as being essential to the production of a good figure.

Most people think white grapes make white wine and dark grapes make red wine; it is a popular error. Red wine is made by fermenting grape juice and grape skins together, and white wine is made by fermenting grape juice alone. The juice of white and dark grapes does not differ in hue. In each sort of grape the juice is almost as colorless as weak lemonade. Champagne is made of a grape so dark as to be nearly black, but the juice of that nearly black grape is quite as pale as that of the ordinary white grape.

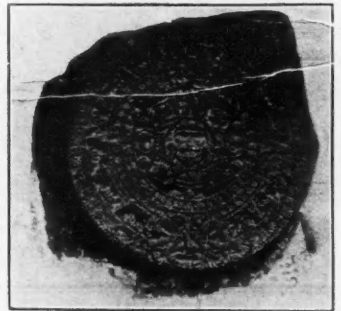
On the recent feast of St. Helen the inhabitants of the village of Lozengrad in Roumania celebrated their annual feast, when a special set of priests called the "Nistinares" dance barefoot on live coals, a performance which is daily repeated till the end of the month. After mass a pile of wood is set on fire, and the "Nistinares" take turns at dancing over the scattered embers, uttering prophecies, chiefly relating to the affairs of the parish. The people believe the "Nistinares" have the power of walking unscathed over the fire, but only during the month of May. The celebration of the feast is of great antiquity and attracts many visitors to the locality.

Near the little village of Abbotsbury in Dorset, England, may be seen the largest swannery in Europe. It is nearly 1,000 years old, and at the present time there are about 2,000 birds on the farm. The owner of the swannery is Lord Ilchester, who is Lord-Lieutenant and an alderman of the County of Dorset. No restriction whatever is placed upon the swans, and they roam and swim about just as they like. They are born fighters, and during the breeding season continual fighting takes place. The nests number 500, but very few cygnets ever reach the water after emerging from their shells on account of the jealous onslaughts of the parent birds on other nests.

Dr. Gian Shimose, the chemist-inventor of that wonderful explosive, Shimose powder, used by the Japanese army and navy, was born in the very humblest circumstances in the Province of Hiroshima, some forty-seven years ago, when railways and steamships were practically unknown in the Island Em-

pire. Very early, Shimose determined to win an education, made his way to the capital, borrowed books to study, and, though often on the verge of starvation, was graduated from the Imperial University with the highest honors. His first invention was a curious ink, now used in Japan for bank-notes. The secret of its composition is absolute, and counterfeits are instantly detected. Recognizing that the powder in use in Japan was extremely unsatisfactory, Shimose turned his attention to the invention of a new powder, and spent eleven years in perfecting it, often working entire days and nights in his laboratory. Shimose is universally recognized to be superior to the powder used by any great power.

In the museum at Mexico City the visitor will see an old calendar-stone that is of great interest. It is covered with hieroglyphics to which the savants of to-day have no key. It is ten feet in diameter, having in the center a human head with the tongue hanging out, cut in relief. Around the head are five circles of figures which were used in the computation of different divisions of



CALENDAR STONE OF THE AZTECS.

time in the calendar of the ancient Mexicans. The civil year was divided into eighteen months of twenty days each. The five intercalary days were added to the last months and the fractions of hours were computed at the end of a cycle of fifty-two years.

Whenever the natural temperature reaches a certain point in Switzerland the schools are dismissed. This is on the theory that after a certain point of suffering has been reached by both teachers and pupils, the one can no longer impart nor the other absorb instruction that would be of any value, and so the time spent in attempting it is wasted.

As the rifle factory at Quebec, established some little time ago, has proved so successful, it is now proposed that Canada shall make her own cannon. Should this step be taken the Dominion would be practically independent of England so far as the supply of ordnance is concerned. The idea was conceived as a protection in case of an interruption of communication between the two countries.

The recent sale of the traditional house of the Capulets in Verona—the scene of the love-making of *Juliet* and *Romeo*—for \$2,000 is an interesting item of the current news of modern journalism. The insignificance of this sum is ineffective to pale the glories of the greatest of love tragedies; and the fact that the city of Verona made the purchase proves that a spirit of romantic appreciation actuates that municipality.

In some sections of China, it is said, from twenty-five to forty per cent. of all the female babies born are either drowned or thrown into what is known as the "baby towers." The baby towers are situated outside the walled cities. Infants consigned to them are placed on the window-sill, near the top of the tower, there to be pushed inside by the next comer. Poverty is the assigned cause. The parents claim that if, in their destitute circumstances, they allowed their female children to grow up to womanhood it would be but to sell them into slavery.

There are no less than 600 labor unions in England, with a total membership of 1,905,116, of which number 122,644 are women. The aggregate income is about \$8,000,000 and the expenses \$7,000,000, so that fully \$1,000,000 can be laid aside every year to swell the sinking fund. These figures tell us more about the true condition of English life than any novel ever written in English about the English people.

The new bridge across the St. Lawrence at Quebec will boast the longest central span of any bridge in the world. It will be 1,800 feet long, or 90 feet in excess of the next longest. Its total length will be 2,620 feet all told. It is constructed upon the cantilever principle.

The earliest auction sale known was held at Oxford, England, February 28, 1686, for the disposal of a lot of books.

Sentiment still holds the world together and superstition goes with it. The sailor has his hoodoo or his little mascot; and every submarine boat in

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England carries a cage of white mice, in this instance for a practical purpose. Think of a few little white mice safeguarding the lives of sailors and the big steel submarine boat itself. These mice, it was discovered, could not endure the odor of gasoline. If there was the slightest leak of the fluid they would squeak, then the sailors would rush to the rescue and stop the leak before the explosive blew up the ship. So valuable are their services that the Government allows them a shilling a week for food.

The English clergy are protesting that more than nine hundred tons of rice are annually wasted at weddings by being thrown after the happy pairs. More than \$20,000 is yearly spent for rice.

There is a romantic story attaching to the great rose of pearls worn by the Princess Frederica of Hanover at recent functions. They are magnificent specimens and very old. Centuries ago a princess of the house loved them so that they were buried with her. But in process of time the great grief of her relatives grew gradually fainter and fainter until they began to whisper what a shame it was that such glorious jewels should be so wasted. Then one day the princess's tomb was opened and the pearl necklace taken from her neck. But the pearls were spoilt; they had lost their lustre and beauty. Their new owner wept over them and dreamt about them, and her dream told her that three generations of lovely women would have to wear them before their lustre returned. Three lovely princesses did wear them and they are now pearls without peers.

### A Fable.

There once lived a girl who was a great theorist. She had theories on housekeeping, diet, education, dress and love, which she took great delight in expounding to her family and friends.

Now, it so happened that, during a sojourn in a distant city, she met a very nice young man who became enamored of her and whose affection she was inclined to return. But as she had a pet theory concerning engagements, she withheld a definite answer to his entreaties that she become his wife, and said:

"Although I love you, I cannot answer you in the affirmative until your affection for me has undergone a test. From what you have told me of yourself, you have associated but little with girls. How, then, can you be sure that your love for me will endure? Therefore leave me for one month, during which time no communication shall pass between us; associate with other girls as much as possible, and if at the end of that time your heart is still true to me I shall become yours for all time."

The young man protested and pleaded with all the ardor of love, but the theorist remained firm in her decision. Finally the lover bade her a reluctant adieu, and was off to keep the compact.

The weeks went by and the end of the month came. The theorist, who by this time, it must be confessed, had become exceedingly lonesome for the nice young man, attired herself in her most becoming frock and awaited with fluttering heart his coming.

A bounding step was heard on the porch. The theorist sprang to the door. A messenger boy handed her a telegram. It read:

"Test successful. Am engaged. Girl said yes at once. Has no theories."

*Moral*—A bird in hand often flies out of the window.—Blanche Goodman in *Smart Set*.

### Battles of Flowers.

It is not of those sham fights when flowers are the ammunition lightly tossed by fair hands from one carriage to another that we would speak, but of actual struggles to the death between the flowers themselves, waged as ferociously as any between the armadas of rival nations. Certain flowers, we are assured by those learned in floral history, bear a deadly enmity to others of their kind. Roses and mignonette, for instance, cannot endure each other's society. Put them together, with a bunch of other flowers, in water, and you will find them half an hour later locked in a mortal embrace that soon ends disastrously for both combatants, the rest of the flowers blooming as unconcerned as if no such tragedy were taking place close to them. Lily of the valley is also a bitter enemy of most other flowers, and will kill them if it gets the chance without mercy. Heliotrope and carnations, on the other hand, seem to evince a mutual sympathy for one another that is quite touching. Perhaps they both agree that it is too warm to fight.

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Principal—Henry W. Auden, M.A., Cambridge, late Sixth Form Master at Fettes College, Edinburgh. The College will reopen for the Autumn term on Wednesday, September 13th, 1905, at 10 a.m. Separate Preparatory Department for boys between the ages of 9 and 13, with separate staff and equipment. Fifty acres of grounds. Separate infirmary with physician and trained nursing. Courses for University, Royal Military College and Business. Every facility for cultivation of sports and athletic sports. Examinations for Entrance Scholarships Saturday, September 16th, 1905. Special scholarships for sons of old pupils. For Calendar and all particulars address The Bursar, Upper Canada College, Toronto, Ont.

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College in which to secure a thorough training in Commercial and Shorthand subjects than

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V. M. C. A. Building, Toronto, Ont.  
Students may enter any time. Individual instruction. Catalogue free.  
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### MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used by Millions of Mothers for their children's ailments for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, relieves all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

Twenty-five CENTS A BOTTLE.





## We Eat Too Much

We eat too fast, we exercise too little, we overwork our nerves. The stomach and bowels get clogged. (Constipation.) The liver gets upset. (Biliousness.) And attending these two simple ailments come all kinds of diseases and complications.

**Hunyadi Janos**  
Nature's Laxative Water  
CURES ALL THESE TROUBLES  
Dose: Half a Tumbler on Rising

## Anecdotal

At a St. Petersburg dinner an *attaché* of the British Embassy had the misfortune to upset his glass of claret. "Fait-on cela en Angleterre?" asked the earl from the other end of the table. "Oh, yes," was the answer, "but in England on ne le remarque pas."

In talking with a young Yale graduate who had been at the recent commencement, a newspaper man asked whether he had heard any adverse comments on Yale's acceptance of Rockefeller's "tainted money." "Well," he said, "the only comment I heard was 'tain't enough.'"

An extremely unintelligent Philadelphia "repeater" was arrested at the last election in the Quaker City. He asked what crime was laid at his door, and the policeman replied: "You are charged with voting twice." "Charged, am I?" muttered the dazed prisoner; "why, I expected to be paid for it."

On Whit Sunday the vicar of a church in the north had been kept busy the whole of the morning owing to the large number of weddings. He was just leaving the church when another couple came. The vicar was very angry and told them they were too late and would have to come another time. Both pleaded so hard to be married that he consented at last, saying, "I will marry you this time, but don't let it occur again."

Dumas père, who was proud of the prices he received for his work, was once boasting of the fact. "Beyond a doubt," he remarked, "I am the best paid of living men of letters. I receive thirty sous a line." "Indeed, monsieur?" said a bystander. "I have never worked for less than £5,000 a line. What do you think of that?" "You are joking," responded Dumas, in irritation. "Not at all." "For what do you receive such rates per line?" "For constructing railways," was the answer.

In the old South it was customary for slaves who could neither read nor write to ask some member of their master's family to do their correspondence. One morning Aunt Chloe approached her young mistress and requested her to write a love-letter to Uncle Billy, an aged suitor. "What shall I say, Aunt Chloe?" the young lady inquired. "D'law, Miss Annie! write it jes lak you wus er writin' to one er your own beaux; but I tink *notwithstanding* is er mighty purty word. Jes put dat in somers."

When in New York, F. Marion Crawford has his barbers done and his boots blacked at his office. He always has the same men, and both are Italians. In engaging the bootblack, Mr. Crawford asked him where he was born. "In Genova," was the answer. "And what is your name?" "Patrick Murphy," was the astonishing reply. "Where in the world did you get that name?" asked the novelist. "I take-a the name after I come here, so people think-a I the American," said the bootblack.

President Roosevelt, in a recent conversation with Senator Knox, of Pennsylvania, asked the Senator what he thought of his appointment of Charles J. Bonaparte to a place in the Cabinet. "You have heard of the man McGinnis," replied Mr. Knox, "who kept a saloon and lived with his family up over the saloon. One day his bartender shouted up the stairs: 'McGinnis, shall I trust Tim O'Leary for a drink?' 'Has he had the drink?' called back McGinnis. 'He has.' 'Thrust him.'"

Of Lord Kitchener's bluntness many stories are told. The best is that of the lunch at which he was entertained by Lord Rothschild, when he was promoting the Gordon College at Khartoum.

Just before lunch Lord Kitchener and Lord Rothschild were seen talking together, and presently, distinctly red in the face, the head of the great banking house walked away. Lord Kitchener had bluntly asked his host how much he proposed to give, to which the banker had replied, "One thousand pounds." "You must give me five thousand pounds, or I shall not stay," Kitchener is alleged to have said. Lord Wolsley and others expostulated; it was all to no purpose. He would not stay to lunch unless he got the promise.

A young Virginia woman who was very ill, was approached by her colored servant, who said: "Miss May, mah mothah dun had a cousin what had de same ailments what you dun got." "Is that so, Cora?" replied the lady. "Yes-sum," responded Cora, encouraged, "but mah mothah's cousin she died, 'deed she did." "Well, Cora," said her mistress, angry that she should tell her such a tale at such an inopportune time, "if that's all you have to say to me you can leave the room and don't come in again. I don't want to hear such stories." Cora was thoroughly frightened at what she had done, and wished to ameliorate her ill-chosen story, so she thought for a moment, and turning to go said: "Well, Miss May, mah mothah tole me she died mighty easy."

Arthur Duffy, the sprinter, who carried off many racing honors here and abroad, once told a friend of an amusing experience in New Haven, where he had gone to participate in intercollegiate athletic events. The evening following the close of the meet Duffy was in a hotel demonstrating to his friends the best kind of clothes to don for a race. To do this better, he had stripped and put on his new trunks and running-shoes. Just as he had done so, a commotion was heard in the corridor outside Duffy's door, and there were cries of "Thief! Stop Thief!" It should be added that the commotion occurred at about one in the morning. Duffy and his friends had been to a theater and had supped afterward. As soon as he heard the words, Duffy threw open his door and dashed out, in time to see a man darting down the stairway. He made after the man and after a sprint of half a block overtook him. As Duffy grabbed the culprit by the collar, the latter wheeled as if to fight; but when he observed the trunks and the running-shoes his jaw dropped and he shook his head. "I give up, old man," said he disconsolately. "When these hotel people gets to keeping a man ready in runnin' costume to chase a man at one in the mornin', they're too much for me."

## A Word to the Poets.

If your verses are descriptive  
Of the joyous summer girl,  
Please rhyme her up with something  
Besides her teeth of pearl.

Don't forever have your village  
Nestle on the verdant green;  
Let your waterfalls cast something  
Besides a silvery sheen.

If your song is of the hillside,  
Do not have a gurgling brook;  
But if you must, refrain, I pray,  
From rhyming it with nook.

If your song is of the forest,  
And its wealth of stately trees,  
Try to have them doing something  
Besides swaying in the breeze.

I realize adjectives are scarce,  
And new ones hard to find.  
The brooks do gurggle, it is true,  
And lanes are prone to wind.

But if you can write a poem  
And escape these hackneyed phrases,  
The world will bow acknowledgments  
And Fame will sing your praises.

Leave out the patient cattle,  
Omit the wailing grain,  
And give the faithful dog a rest,  
And skip the winding lane.

## Coincidence.

The famous "long arm of coincidence" has much to answer for in novels, but I hear of a case in which it was stretched almost beyond belief in real life. A man on his way to business always passed a little shop of old odds and canvases, a portrait, which took his fancy; he always looked at it with pleasure and curiosity. His birthday came, and when his wife asked what present she should make him, he said, "You might give me that old picture at So-and-So's." The lady went to the shop, and bought the piece for forty-two dollars. She took it home, and the pair did a little amateur cleaning. They found the signature of Rembrandt, but there is not much to be relied on in a signature. The lady, in search of information, went to a library, and borrowed a book on Rembrandt. On her way home she dipped into the book, and observed that another lady seemed to look at it with interest. They entered into conversation, and the second lady said that the book was by her brother, a specialist in the works of Rembrandt. The first lady then told the story of her purchase, and the second said that she would send her brother to look at the picture. He came, and pronounced the piece to be genuine, and worth a vast number of thousands of dollars! Here coincidence certainly did a good stroke in bringing two strangers acquainted in an omnibus, at the very nick of time, for the lady who made the purchase did not, it appears, know any specialists in the study of old works of art.

**Best and Cheapest Excursion of Season.**  
West Shore excursion on August 14 is best of season. Full particulars at 69 1-2 Yonge street, Toronto.

Every man owes it to himself and his family to master a trade or profession. Read the display advertisement of the six Morse Schools of Telegraphy in this issue and learn how easily a young man or lady may learn telegraphy and be assured a position.



A QUEER SPOT FOR A CHAFFINCH'S NEST.  
Taken in the neighborhood of Harrow.

## The School of Romantic Science.

They teach in fetching fashion  
How to write historic books;  
For gone they have a passion,  
And the hero must have looks.

"WHO is the first instructor?" I whispered to the editor of the *Woman's Homely Guide*.

"Mr. Grand B. MacClutchem. He wrote *Six Hours a King* and *How I Loved the Princess Mary Anne*. The books had a wonderful success and he has called his new yacht *Patricia*—after his first heroine, you know."

"What is his subject?"  
"Oh, he just lectures—gives little talks on his characters and things like that. I am trying to work out a plot he has suggested. The story is to be about Egypt, and to bring in the Pyramids and the Sphinx. He's enthusiastic about local color."

Mr. MacClutchem came forward in a minute fashion, as he prepared to address the fit and few persons who had gathered in the hall where Romantic Science was wont to be made. It was a fearsome place, whose walls were frescoed with scenes from *Grabstock* and *To Have and To Hoe*. But these picturesque surroundings were as naught, when there rolled in melodious description about us the voice of the man who has written one of the two hundred and six best-selling books of the last forty-eight hours. He talked of "The Making of a Hero" in words that ran thus:

"You had better call him *Guy* for short, although I have no objection to either *Cuthbert* or *Hildebrand*. He really must be tall, and if his hair has just a dash of cayenne he will be in all the better condition to rouge the town. His remarks must be brief and pointed, but his nose need fulfil only the latter condition. A chin is a positive necessity, and there is a prejudice in favor of two ears, although one is not unheard of. But his mouth must be firm, except when he ogles the heroine, who considers him a dear thing at any price. He may be of New England descent, but there should be a Prince or Baron who claimed the family tree and hung there in the gloom of the misty ages. It is well to give the hero an eagle eye. It costs nothing extra, and the public likes it. The eye may be of any fast color, but it must be able to confront a mad dog or any furious animal and reduce it to the meekness of the lamb which Mary loved. The critics may give the hero a black eye, but that is nothing to feel blue about, for there is always the gentle art of advertising."

"The hero must be particular about his repartee and be able to talk back. Reading George Ade will not be any real help to him. There must be something subtle about the language he sheds—a kind of Gallic glow about his wit. In fact, he must import it from the pleasant land of France, and he will have no trouble in getting it through the Customs, for the officers would never be able to detect anything so delicate."

"But, ladies and gentlemen, I am due at a little reception given in my honor by the Daughters of Delusion. Tomorrow I shall give you a talk on 'Promenade With a Princess.' It has, I assure you, brought tears to the eyes of many a crowned head."

"At the door of this hall you will be given an announcement of my forthcoming volume. It is positively sparkling with dialogue à la Dolly. In fact, I may call it the soda-water of fiction. But I go."

"For this relief, much thanks," murmured Miss Mary Winkens.

"What's that you're saying?" asked Elizabeth Gallups-Well fiercely.

"Just—just a little bit of Shakespeare," faltered the Exploiter of the New England Spinster.

"Shakespeare!" shrieked Elizabeth; "there wasn't ever any such thing. If you have anything to say about Bacon—"

Mr. Israel Zangwill interrupted in a voice of emotion, "This is purely anti-Semitic prejudice."

"No one's hurting you, Izzie, dear," said Captain Dreyfus. "Don't worry about the reference to Bacon. The next on the programme is a lady."

A frail young person stood on the platform, surveying the combatants with an expression of pain in her gentle eyes.

"Oh, please, don't," she cried plaintively. "Anything that remotely resembles a fight makes me feel so ill." The writer of *Twilight Talks With My Girls* handed her a bottle of lavender salts in a sympathetic silence that could be smelt.

"Now I can go on," she said bravely, "but I do not feel strong enough yet to give you the story of how I came to"



free from grit and acid. Prevents accumulation of tartar. Will not injure the enamel of the teeth. Ask your dentist.

write *The Fights and Flirtations of an F. F. V.* But there is on this blackboard the sketch of a sweet young creature in whom you should all take a deep interest. She is a maiden whom the youngest person may read about, and she belonged to— The audience shuddered. "She belonged to one of the very first families of Virginia."

"Thank heaven that we know the worst," said the Dean of American Realism hoarsely.

"You may observe," continued the lecturer, "the *spirituelle* hauteur of her neck, the patrician curve of her thumbs. She is a real lady and never chewed gum in her life. She lived on the banks of the James, in a house with pillars all over the porch and coons all over the back yard. Her father, fired by pious zeal and an angry monarch, came out from England in a great hurry. But his religion was cooled by the Atlantic breezes, on the weary voyage, and when he landed in dear old Virginia he became a gallant cavalier and learned to smoke cigarettes with the worst of them."

He also learned to make compound fractures of the Third Commandment, but never in the presence of the sweet young creature. She had refused all the nobles at the English court, on the occasion of her visit to her distinguished kinsman, Lord Rupert Knollys and so many of her despairing suitors flung themselves into the Thames that the King ordered an annex to be built to the morgue. Then she went to Paris, and of course she didn't do a thing to the heart of the Dauphin. She was tempted by the prospect of ruling such a nice, peaceful country, but she remembered her Virginia blood just in time, and thought of the lovely twilight hours on the plantation, when nothing could be heard save the merry clash of swords wielded by the gentlemen of the first families, whose after-dinner remarks were often followed by a course in carving. So she returned to her pillared home and the quiet of Virginia days, broken only by an occasional Indian attack or the gentle uprising of the convict settlement. She did not miss the luxuries of effete Europe, for every little while a vessel would sail up the river, bearing, pear ornaments and Parisian lingerie for Mistress Darnard Arundel, and the neighbors would say in admiration, "Good land! Ain't they swell!" and the youthful cavaliers would murmur at a respectful distance, "Gadzooks! the old man must have struck it rich in Virginia leaf." But with all her beauty she was not foolishly proud, for she married a mere man who had been engaged in the hemp industry, although English historians say he was a common hangman before he sailed in the *Smiling Susan*.

"You may read of this perfect lady in any of my books, for I wouldn't think of writing a story without her. But she needs tender treatment, and unless you are to the manner born it will be well not to trifle with her charms, because she must be dressed just so, and the plebeian pen does not always discriminate between a parrot and a stomach. But if you give due attention to her diet and her complexion, and take great pains with her manners, there is no reason why you should not venture to take an F. F. V. lady by the hand and introduce her to the world of polite readers."

## AN AMBIDEXTROUS ARTIST.

Sir Edwin Landseer, the famous animal painter, was able to use both hands in his work, though he seldom made a practice of doing so.

On one occasion he was present at a social gathering when some one passed a remark upon the impossibility of doing two things at once.

Sir Edwin laughingly remarked that such a thing was possible, and upon being furnished with paper and pencils proceeded to execute two pictures at the same time.

Without hesitation he sketched the profile of a deer's head with his right hand while his left was engaged upon the head of a horse, and with such perfection that no one save those who had witnessed the feat could tell which was the product of the right hand and which had been drawn by the left.

Thomas Nast, jr., son of the great cartoonist, possesses the same gift and is able to produce two pictures simultaneously, though the work he does with his left hand shows the greater finish.

## Salaries of Bull-Fighters.

The sailor looked gloomy. "A hard winter is comin' on," he said, "and I ain't got no resources to meet it with. I think I'll go to Spain and turn bull-fighter. By Crims, but them bull-fighters makes good money," he went on. "I've mixed with 'em a lot in Madrid and the free way they buy wine ain't hardly to be believed. Fuertes is the champion matador and he makes \$50,000 a year. His minimum rate to stab a bull is \$400. The other matadors, according to their skill, makes from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year. It's easy come, easy go with their money, I tell ye. A dook raises all the fighting bulls of Spain, and it ain't nothing for him to sell \$60,000 worth o' bulls a season. As many as three thousand bulls and as many as five thousand horses is disposed of yearly in this sport."

# "OLD MULL" Scotch

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FOR  
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in effect June 12th, daily (except Sunday) from foot of Yonge St.  
Lv. Toronto 7:30, 9:00, 11:00 a.m., 2:00, 3:45, 5:15 p.m.  
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City ticket offices, Yonge Street dock and A. F. Webster, King and Yonge Streets. Book Tickets on sale at 14 Front St. East only.

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2 King St. East.

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Steamers Kingston and Toronto.

3 p.m.—Daily, for Charlotte, 1,000 Islands, Rapids, Montreal, Quebec, Murray Bay, Tadoussac, and Saguenay River.

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**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup**  
has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS FOR THEIR CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING with perfect success. IT SOOTHES THE CHILL, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the BEST REMEDY FOR DIARRHEA. Sold by druggists in every part of the world.

Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

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**The Best Mattress Made Because—**

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CLEAN.—Ventilation keeps it sweet and wholesome inside. Write for particulars. The Marshall Sanitary Mattress Co., Limited 261 King St. W. Phone M. 4533. Toronto



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Will restore gray hair to its natural color. Stops falling hair, causes to grow on bald heads, cures dandruff, itching and all scalp diseases. Contains no oily or greasy ingredients. By its use the hair and whiskers become thick, glossy and luxuriant.  
Price, mailed, 75 cents and three 2 cent stamps, or two for \$1 and six 2 cent stamps. Have no agencies. Must be ordered direct from the manufacturers. THE MERWIN CO., Windsor, Ontario, Canada

## OSTEOPATHIC DIRECTORY

The following is a complete list of fully accredited graduates in Osteopathy practicing in the city, excepting only such as may be identified in any way with those CLAIMING to be Osteopaths who hold CORRESPONDENCE diplomas. By fully accredited osteopaths is meant those who have graduated from fully equipped and regularly inspected colleges of osteopathy whose course calls for actual attendance at lectures for at least four terms of five months each.

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King St. West  
HERBERT C. JAQUITH,  
Confederation Life Bldg.  
J. S. BACK,  
704 Temple Bldg.  
MRS. ADALYN K. PIGOTT,  
157 Bloor St. East

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1 Office on 1st floor  
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**Saturday Night Building**  
Nicely decorated.  
Every convenience.  
Possession almost immediately.  
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Sheppard Pub. Co., Limited  
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## Over the Wabash System

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Round-trip tickets are now on sale until September 30, good for ninety days from date of sale, with stop-over privileges going and returning, via all direct lines. Rates, from Toronto, \$56.75; going or returning through California, \$77.50. This will be the greatest opportunity ever given the public to visit the Pacific Coast at a very low rate. The Great Wabash is acknowledged by all travelers to be the shortest, best and quickest route to all Pacific Coast points. Berths reserved and all other information cheerfully furnished from any Wabash agent, or J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, north-east corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

## CANADIAN PACIFIC

## Kawartha Lakes Summer Resorts

Among the finest in Ontario are reached by Canadian Pacific and connections. Following are a few of the numerous points where a delightful holiday may be spent:

**Boschink Breezes  
Burleigh Falls  
Bryson's Landing  
Chemong Park  
Juniper Island  
Mount Julian  
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Special tour rates for season of Saturday to Monday trips. For full particulars, etc.,

Call on nearest Canadian Pacific Agent, City Ticket Office, 1 King St. E. Phone M. 140, or write to C. B. Foster, D. P. Agt., Toronto.

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## Delightful Trip Through 1000 Islands

Leave Toronto in Pullman Sleeper at 10:30 p.m., connecting at Kingston Wharf with R. & O. Steamers for St. Lawrence River points.

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Pullman Sleeper is ready for occupancy in Toronto at 9:30 p.m.

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Preston Springs, Ont.

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## Guest Books

are what no hostess should be without. For the name, address, arrival and departure of visitors. Bound in red or black leather. Different sizes. Prices range from \$1.75 to \$4.50.

**Wm. Tyrrell & Co.**  
7-9 KING ST. EAST,  
Toronto.

SYRUP  
here for their  
Fifty Years  
in the best  
BOTTLE





THE announcements for the coming musical season have so far been very few, and consequently one can not do more than hazard a guess as to the character of the programmes for the six months commencing in October. The season will certainly have a promising inauguration, the promised attractions for October being the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mme. Eames, and Mme. Calve. My own opinion is that the season will challenge comparison in the matter of distinction and the introduction of novelties with that of 1904-5. Not a word has yet been said about grand opera, but one may conjecture that Mr. Savage must have been sufficiently satisfied with his experience here last season to contemplate bringing his companies to Toronto for a second visit in the spring. Indefinite statements have been made that among the eminent foreign solo artists who may be expected are Marie Hall, the wonderful English violinist; Marie Nichols, another girl solo violinist; Alfred Reisenauer, the famous solo pianist; Harold Bauer, solo pianist, and Mme. Gadske, the grand opera soprano star. I understand that our local musical societies and musicians will be exceptionally active. The great and crowning undertaking of the Mendelssohn Choir will be the production, for the first time in Toronto, of Beethoven's colossal ninth or "Choral" Symphony. The other singing societies have not yet finally decided upon their selections, but the Festival Chorus will of course offer the usual feast of oratorio and the shorter forms of choral composition will be well supplied by the Male Chorus Club, People's Choral Union, National Chorus, and also the Mendelssohn Choir. One of our leading artists is preparing to spring a pleasing surprise on the public, but I am not at liberty at present to indicate the nature of that surprise. There will be a fair supply of comic opera at the theaters, and the earliest productions will be of *San Toy* at the Grand on the 28th inst. and of *The School Girl* at the Princess Theater in September.

Massenet, the popular French composer, has ventured on the daring experiment of writing a light comedy-opera in imitation of the style of Mozart, with a libretto which continues in a way the story told in *Mozart's Figaro*. The opera is called *Cherubin*, and its hero is the roguish page of that name who figures in the Mozart work. The Parisian critics say that Massenet's score is full of grace, vivacity and fluent melody, that the music is suggestive of Mozart's style, and that the orchestration is modern, rich and sonorous and sustained. There is much poetic love music in the second act, and the third act is described as bright, captivating and spirited. The overture is designed in the strictly classical style. The finale, we are told, is borrowed from *Don Giovanni*, in recognition of the inspiration and debt Massenet admittedly owes Mozart.

The nineteenth annual calendar and syllabus of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, which has just been issued, is a handsome publication illustrated with photographs of the concert hall, the residence, studios, etc. There is a short history of the Conservatory given in a short and comprehensive style, and following this will be found details of the various courses of study in the various departments, the curriculum, scholarships and other matters of importance to music students. The large and constantly growing list of graduates also contained therein is an evidence of the important work which Dr. Fisher and his associates are doing in the cause of musical culture in Canada.

One of the strangest phenomena in the musical world, says the New York *Evening Post*, is the neglect, by the professional singers, of the songs of Robert Franz; strange, because the public likes them and seldom fails to redemand those that are sung here and there. *Bitte comme un musicien*—it is the old story—the folly of professional singers. To be sure, some of Franz's songs are so intimate that they are heard to best advantage in the private music room; but many of them are effective in the concert hall too, and in the matter of beauty and inspiration they are far superior to those songs of Hugo Wolf, Brahms, Richard Strauss, etc., with which the singers entice music lovers to stay at home when they give concerts.

The recent ninetieth birthday of Franz (who died in 1892) was made the occasion of comment in a number of German daily and musical journals, suggesting the hope that the tide has turned and that Franz will at last come to his own in the concert halls. He had to suffer much during all his life from not only the neglect, but the active hostility of professional musicians. A very interesting illustration of this is given in the *Zeit* of Vienna, in an article on the famous vocalist Rosa Papier-Papargartner. At one time when she had arranged to give a recital in Berlin, the manager tried hard to persuade her to omit a

group of Franz's songs she had put on her programme. She refused, however, and was rewarded by a brilliant success, especially with *In May*, which was the feature of the concert. Her enthusiasm for these songs impelled her to make a trip to Halle, to see the composer. In her account of her visit she relates that she said to the woman who opened the door for her: "The Herr doctor is a bachelor, is he not?" The answer, "Sorry, but I am his wife," was rather embarrassing to the singer; but Frau Franz did not bear her any ill-will, and took her to her husband. "It is well known," the narrator continues, "that Robert Franz had become deaf, like Beethoven. I had to write what I wanted to say on a slate. But that was not often necessary, as Franz did nearly all the conversing; he thanked me for having sung his songs, lamented his bad luck, had a great deal to say about his idols, Bach and Handel, and played for me some new songs. I had to remain to supper, and finally he accompanied me back to the railway station. On the street he talked, like all deaf persons, very loudly, and as he was abusing certain parties in strong language, everybody stopped to look at us, fancying he was abusing me." With reference to the Berlin concert, Franz sent her the following letter, now printed for the first time (and dated February 11, 1885):

"Highly honored madame! It gives me very great joy that you did not allow the Berlin manager to dissuade you either by word or by letter, to omit my songs from your programme. What these gentlemen object to in my compositions is incomprehensible to me. It might be intelligible if I had at any time forced myself on their attention, but this has never happened—on the contrary! For more than a quarter of a century my songs were ignored (*totgeschwiegen*), and now, when that policy no longer succeeds, they do their best to keep them out of the concert halls. This is my experience not only in other cities, but here at home, too. The Franz songs are not effective in the concert hall," they say, and that seals their fate. I beg you, accordingly, to trust your own taste and judgment hereafter as heretofore. That will be your safest guide."

The London *Times* thinks that all through Puccini's latest opera, *Madama Butterfly*, is "a thing of very remarkable beauty, pathos, and charm." Since its failure in Milan last year, the opera has been largely revised. The Italian composer appears to have been less successful in his attempts at American than at Japanese local color. The Americans in the plot sing music that could only come out of Italian mouths, and even the *Star-Spangled Banner* is transformed into an Italian melody. On the other hand, "the composer has contrived to bring in Japanese intervals of melody, not merely as curiosities, but as really conveying the expression of genuine emotion. . . . At innumerable points throughout the work this is the case. It is curious to recognize a Japanese theme that has been familiar in England ever since the date of *The Mikado*. At the climax of the whole another native tune is heard without disguise of any kind. . . . A peculiarly happy touch is the use of little gongs in the marriage scene, and in the second act there are various imitations of the effect of Japanese instruments."

Mr. S. Ernest Palmer, vice-chairman of the famous biscuit firm of Huntly & Palmer, has given the magnificent sum of \$100,000 towards the foundation of the Royal College of Music Patrons' Fund. The endowment will make it possible for the young English musician of limited means to bring his talent into the light of publicity. It provides a committee of experts to consider whether his composition is worthy of production. If it is, its orchestration and the expenses of the test performance are paid for by the fund, so that he cannot say when he becomes famous that for years his *magnum opus* lay hidden in a cupboard because England was too careless of her genius to give it a chance. Although the fund is primarily applicable for the benefit of past and present pupils of the Royal College of Music, it can be extended to any other British subjects, whether educated at any of the musical schools or privately.

Returning for a moment to the subject of *The School Girl*, I might mention that the music is by Leslie Stuart, the composer of *Florodora*. The opera had a run of more than four hundred nights at the Prince of Wales Theater in London and one hundred and fifty nights at Daly's Theater, New York. The New York *Herald* said of it rather tersely: "The story is pretty, the dialogue is witty, the music bright and pleasing, the incidents very amusing, and the scenery extraordinarily picturesque."

A London critic recalled one of Rubinstein's sayings: that there are a dozen women who have musical talent of a kind to every man—talent, however, he went on to say, seldom seems to survive the

first pair of handsome moustaches which come along. Is man, then, after all, to blame for the fact that there are no great female composers? comments a New York journalist.

Miss Bessie Bonnell, the Toronto contralto, has just returned from the musical festival held in Cumberland, Md., where a series of oratorios and miscellaneous concerts have been given. Speaking of her work in the *Elijah*, the Cumberland *Daily News* said: "Miss Bessie Bonnell, *prima donna* contralto of Canada, won immediate and hearty recognition from her entranced listeners. Her solo, *O Rest in the Lord*, breathed an inspiration divine, wherein the sublimity with which Mendelssohn invested the oratorio was most impressively exemplified." Miss Bonnell has been engaged as solo contralto with the Banda Rossa this season for a tour of ten weeks, commencing the 20th inst. in Kansas City. The band will present for the first time in America, a new oratorio entitled *The Resurrection of Christ*, by Dom Perosi. Eugene Sorrentino, the conductor, has engaged a quartette of distinguished singers for the production.

A recent addition to the vocal teaching staff of the Toronto Conservatory of Music is Mr. Frank H. Burt, Mus. Bac. Mr. Burt is a well-known vocalist and experienced teacher, and has held important musical and church positions, among others, for several years, that of director of music at the Ontario Institution for the Blind.



WORTH A SHILLING, ANYHOW. *Bogus Lunatic*—Excuse me, mum, but I am subject to fits, and, as I feel comin' on now, woojer mind just puttin' the baby down for a second an' 'oldin' me till I'm finished? (He was immediately paid to go away.)

#### Judicial Philistinism in England.

A GOOD deal of indignation has been aroused amongst Shakespearean scholars the world over by the treatment meted out in court to the trustees of the great dramatist's birthplace. Action had been brought by these gentlemen to secure exemption from the Trust property from local rates, on the ground that the preservation of the Shakespearean relics at Stratford-on-Avon was a literary object and therefore freed them from taxation under the Scientific Societies Act. The property in question was purchased at the nation's expense, belongs to the nation, and is supported almost solely by visitors' fees, as the ratepayers of Stratford-on-Avon are admitted free. The income from this source, while sufficient to keep up the buildings and grounds, does not permit of the purchase of additional relics—which was one of the duties imposed upon the Trust at its formation.

Nevertheless, when the case came up in court the appeal was dismissed on the ground that exemption is legally inapplicable to societies other than those "exclusively" devoted to literary purposes. With the technical correctness of this decision lovers of Shakespeare find no fault, but what they do strongly resent in connection with the trial are the irrelevance and undignified flippancy of many of the questions put by the justices and opposing counsel in the Warwick quarter sessions. The author of the conundrum, "What is the difference between a hen?" has so far evaded popular fury by concealing his identity; may not suspicion fall on the judge who asked the following questions?

"Do you think that any appreciable proportion of these (30,000) visitors are stimulated to spend a shilling for a copy of Shakespeare's works instead of spending it at the public house?"

"Is there any evidence that Shakespeare played shovel-board at the Falcon?"

"Should I be far wrong in calling it (i.e., the birthplace) a show place, an interesting one, no doubt, but you do not expect anyone to get instruction or literary knowledge there?"

"Do you think that anyone visiting the orchard would be inspired to attempt flights equal to Shakespeare's?"

The line of fatuous vacuity is, however, reached in the speech of Mr. Vachell, K.C., the opposing counsel, to whom press reports attribute the following remarks:

"The house gratifies a sentimental feeling that admirers of Shakespeare have, of desiring to see what sort of a place the great man was born in. People do not visit Stratford in complete ignorance of Shakespeare's works and then, merely because they have seen those rooms, at once come to the conclusion that he must have been a wonderful man, and become Shakespearean scholars."

ANNE HATHAWAY ON TRIAL. The last sentence, while not italicized by Mr. Vachell, merits that distinction as being the most remarkable charge ever brought against Anne Hathaway. What this man of law evidently considers a dereliction of widely duty, the public will regard as a special dispensation of Providence. Just imagine what might have happened if Anne Hathaway had cherished the delusion that she could or should write! Even at this late date such a suggestion sends cold chills down

the spine of the literary world. We know singularly little about Anne Hathaway, but that little does not warrant the belief that she could have assisted Shakespeare in his writings. From what we know of her personality, she would have condemned *Hamlet's* soliloquy as too serious; the garden scene in *The Merchant of Venice* as too flowery, and the *Sonnets* as too incomprehensible.

Suppose, however, that Shakespeare's wife had been a woman of literary tastes, and let us for argument's sake imagine him married to any of the diverse types of women represented by George Eliot, Jane Austen or Marie Corelli.

Any one of the three would no doubt have cheerfully collaborated with him, and at times the first- and last-mentioned ladies, being notably strong-minded, might have tried to improve on his work. It is hardly conceivable that George Eliot, genius as she was, could have added anything to the whimsical enchantment of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. What a startling hybrid would *Othello* have been had the gentle author of *Pride and Prejudice* assisted in its creation, and to what depths of genteel villainy would *Iago* have fallen at the point of that lady's pen. As for Miss Corelli, it is difficult to imagine just what form *Hamlet* would have taken had that play been the joint production of Marie and William Shakespeare; as the tragedy stands it is not at all in the Corellian style. Considering Miss Corelli's love of the supernatural, the dead king's phantom would no doubt have retained an honored place in the play, but it is more than likely that under her spiritualistic touch the other characters would also have faded into ghosts of themselves.

With this distressing picture of what might have been, before our eyes, we may well give thanks that the wife of the world's greatest dramatist "would not write or assist him in his writings." Anne Hathaway and the cottage in which she lived, while themselves insignificant, have a definite literary value as stimulating the imagination and throwing some light on the shadows of a great career. So far from belittling the Hathaway cottage by his remarks, Mr. Vachell has bestowed upon it new distinction, as the one-time home of the woman who allowed Shakespeare to write his own plays.

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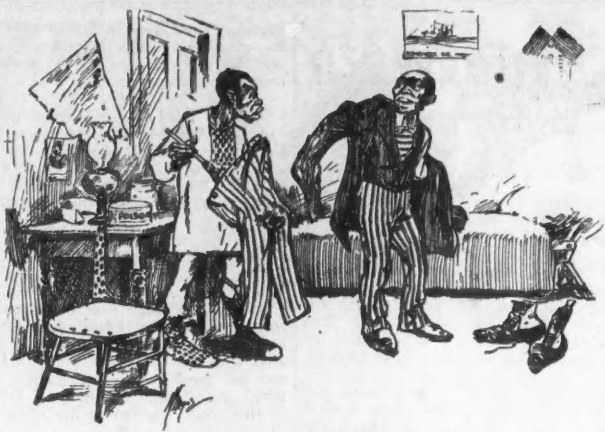
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Wempe—No, sah; but mah bes' girl's father am gwine toe lose a bull-dog.

known. In the St. George's Society, in Masonic circles and in social life he was ever welcome and honored. Mrs. Barker, the only daughter, Mrs. Alan Jones, who left the city for Winnipeg within the last month, and the three stalwart sons have the sympathy of a large circle of friends throughout the province.

Cobourg is one of the Ontario towns lately enlivened by an "Old Boys' homecoming." In fact, Toronto had not an old boy left on the Civic Holiday. Last Saturday night Mr. James Crowther gave a dance at Hotel Cedarnere, which was attended by many Cobourg people as well as by members of the "summer colony." Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Drynan, Mrs. Lockhart, Miss Lockhart, Mr. and Mrs. Bawdo, Mrs. Murray, Mr. Kerr, Miss Kerr, Miss Mabel Kerr, Miss Cruso, Mr. Guithon, Miss Guithon, Mrs. Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Koehler, Mr. and Mrs. Donnelly, Miss Donnelly, Mr. and Mrs. Willcox, Mr. Field, the Misses Field, Miss Henderson, Miss Ware, Miss Samuels, Mr. Rae, the Misses Rae, Mr. Doolittle, Mr. Clarke Dennis.

Professor Pelham Edgar and Mrs. Edgar have returned from England.

Mr. W. J. Crossen of Cobourg is recovering from a severe illness which recently caused his friends much anxiety. His sisters, Mrs. C. C. James of Toronto, Mrs. R. N. Burns of Brampton and Mrs. J. Smith of Montreal, were in Cobourg last week. Mrs. W. R. Riddell of St. George street is a fourth sister.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McCallum, with their son and daughter (Mrs. Millons), have taken a furnished house at 236 Bloor street west.

Mrs. J. H. Morin has returned to town from Montreal.

Miss Alice L'Eveillé of Montreal is visiting in Toronto, the guest of Miss Juliette Morin of Homewood avenue.

Miss Hay is the guest of Hon. Mr. Calvert and Mrs. Calvert, Pinchurst, Strathroy.

Miss Ethel Heaven has returned to her home, 131 Bloor street west, after having been more than two years abroad. She spent the summers in traveling extensively through Europe and the winters in Florence, studying art, and has brought a great many attractive pictures with her, the result of her work under such favorable conditions.

Miss Laura Brodigan of Bedford road has recently returned to town after a holiday of five weeks at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

A correspondent writes: "Dear old Goderich is in her happiest mood and is making it pleasant for her summer visitors, many of whom come from the far South. From Toronto I met Mrs. Heaton, Mrs. and Miss Ross, Mrs. Johnston, and the Misses Nordheimer. Last week was especially gay, Mrs. Macdonald giving two charming affairs, and a progressive euchre given by the Misses Wynn was very jolly and was followed by a larger euchre at Mrs. Reynolds', and a very large reception, given by Mrs. Lionel Elliott. Several smaller bridge and "five hundred" parties finished the week. Next week there are to be more teas, picnics and beach parties than can be crowded in."

On Tuesday, August 8, Glenwood avenue, Davisville, was the scene of a very pretty wedding, the occasion being the marriage of Clara, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Scott, to Mr. James Alexander Barclay, stepson of Mr. William Crichton, Toronto. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked very sweet in a gown of point d'esprit over white tulle, with veil, and wreath of lily of the valley. She was attended by her sister Margaret, who wore a dainty gown of Swiss muslin. The bride carried a shower bouquet of white roses, her only ornament being an amethyst brooch set in pearls, the gift of the groom. The best man was Mr. Robert Crichton, of the officiating clergyman was Rev. J. C. Tibb of Eglinton. The groom's gift to the bride was a pearl wedding bell, and to the bridesmaids a pearl scarf-pin, while Miss Grant, who played the wedding march, was the recipient of a pearl brooch. The happy couple left on the steamer Kingston for a trip to Montreal and Quebec.

Mrs. Stanley FitzGerald left on Tuesday evening for Sydney, C.B., where she will join Mr. FitzGerald, who has been there for some months.

Among the guests at Bon Echo Inn, Lake Massanoga, are Mr. and Mrs. Shirley Denison, Mr. W. Copp, Mr. F. W. Copp, Miss R. M. Copp, Miss Sarah P. Rogers, Miss Isabel Rogers, Mr. Clarence Rogers, Mr. James Foster, Mrs. Elias Rogers, Miss Hazel Rogers, Mr. Hugh W. Payne, Mrs. Payne, Mr. C. G. Begg, Mrs. Begg,

Mr. and Mrs. Carmichael, Mr. Norman, Mr. Angus MacMurchy, Miss Livingston, Miss Louise Livingston, Toronto; Mr. George Carscadin, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Curtis, Mr. John Shillabeer Roslin, Mr. R. Crame, Mr. Henry Crame, Buffalo; Mrs. Page Scott, Mrs. H. M. Hoyt, Rochester; Mr. John R. Young, Mrs. Young, Washington; Judge Madden and Mrs. Madden, Nanaimo; Mrs. J. F. Barbour, Miss Frances Barbour, Miss Florence Barbour, Maysville, Kentucky; Mr. John F. Carlisle, Mrs. Carlisle, Mr. John H. Mohler, Mrs. Mohler, Mr. Birch Mohler, Mr. Jiles Mohler, Columbus, Ohio; Mr. R. L. Morrison, Mr. D. C. Johnston, Tweed; Dr. Norman Price, Niagara Falls; Mr. R. H. Hodge, London, England; Mrs. Whitcomb Clinton, Indiana; Hon. L. A. Whitcomb, Indianapolis.

Among the Toronto guests at Lake View, Grimsby Park, are Mr. and Mrs. John Edgeworth, Mr. W. G. Bull, Mr. J. M. Copeland, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Smith, Mr. John Ferguson, Mr. R. R. Simpkins, Mr. James Allen, Miss Fleming, Miss Stella Fleming, Mr. F. G. Farrell, Mr. G. E. Davis, Miss D. L. Sparling, Mr. F. M. MacHardy, Miss Lottie Watson, Mr. F. B. Eager, Mrs. Eager, Miss Irene Weaver, Mr. J. R. Milne, Mr. W. G. Gundy, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Collins, Mr. G. F. Taylor, Miss Mary Brick, Mr. Jack McLam, Mr. J. K. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Doherty, Miss Buck, Mr. G. P. Robins, Miss Braid, Miss J. Braid, Mrs. Whitehouse, Miss Whitehouse.

Toronto guests at the Hotel del Monte, Preston Springs, are: Rev. A. J. Broughall, Mrs. Broughall, Mr. and Mrs. B. Kent, Miss Eva Kent, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Kyle, Miss D. Smallpiece, Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Bouvier, Miss Hilda Bouvier, Mr. S. Crane, Mr. A. F. Webster, Mr. W. G. Eakins, Mr. M. T. Lester, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Bommer, Mr. Charles Walker, Mr. Bert Thompson, Mr. R. F. Whale and Mrs. Whale, Miss A. Reden, Miss S. Hock, Mr. T. W. Eachern, Mrs. A. S. Irving, Miss Terry Irving, Mrs. E. F. Lennox, Miss Maisie Lennox.

Mr. Beril B. Stewart and Mr. J. H. Donald left in mid-week for a holiday in Atlantic City.

Mrs. George Ross, Miss Marion L. Ross and Mr. Thomas A. Ross of Toronto are at the Chateau Frontenac, Quebec.

Among the guests at the Welland, St. Catharines, are: Mr. W. C. Dambach, Mr. M. J. Hudson, Mrs. H. L. Colgrove, Mrs. W. R. Coppock, Buffalo; Mr. and Mrs. Haggerty, Philadelphia; Miss Knight, Mrs. G. W. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Bell, New York; Mr. F. G. Hardie, New Orleans; Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Shallow, Judge and Mrs. Robidoux, Miss Robidoux, Montreal; Miss Cummings, Washington; Mr. and Mrs. Kobler, Shreveport, La.; Mr. and Mrs. Chris Holland, Toronto; the Misses Milligan, Philadelphia.

Miss MacMahon of Manning avenue has left Rostrevor, Coldwater, Ont., after spending three weeks the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Brokoviak, to spend a week at the Penetanguishene Hotel before returning to her home.

Dr. Notman and his bride, of Pittsburgh, Pa., who have been the guests of Mrs. and Miss Notman, 528 Euclid avenue, returned to Pittsburgh, their future home, after visiting many points of interest in Canada in the past two weeks.

The Misses MacNamara of Church street have returned from a pleasant outing to Bobcaygeon, and have gone to Picton for a short visit.

### A Man Who Wouldn't Work for Wages.

THREE years ago Mr. A. S. Kerry was in a hospital because of an operation for appendicitis, and his sawmill was burned. A friend broke the news to him as gently as possible.

"Did the whole works go?" he asked.  
"The whole business," said the friend.  
"It's all right; we'll build a better mill," and the sick man turned over and went to sleep. When he got well he did build a better mill.

Mr. Kerry came from Eastern Canada. At nineteen he was piling lumber in a Seattle mill and at twenty-one he was the manager of the mill. It was burned down. With a capital of \$1,500 he leased another mill and started in business. He accumulated \$75,000 when his plant again burned. Then he went to Alaska, was gone two years, returned "broke," but not in the least depressed.

While at Skagway on his way out of Alaska he had an experience that his friends relate. Several men seized him and announced their determination to initiate him into the mysteries of the

Ask for  
**Labatt's**  
(LONDON)  
**Pale Ale**  
Sparkling and delicious beverage and  
body and quenches the thirst.

## "Next Year"



Williams Piano, and our way of doing business is a matter of over fifty years' public record.

"A little down and a little each month does it."

**The R. S. Williams & Son Co.**  
Limited.

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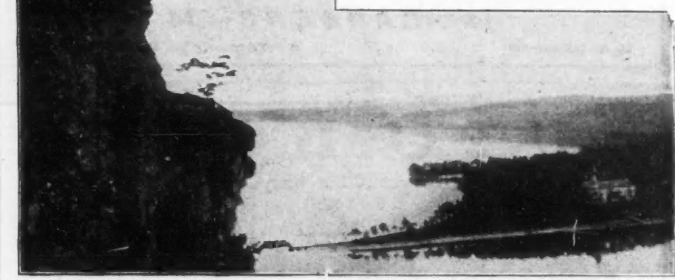
### SUMMER RESORTS

#### Ideal Summer Outing

Bon Echo Inn, Massanoga

In the wildest Ontario Highlands and only a few hours from Toronto Investigation will prove that it is positively unequalled in attractiveness. Several choice cottages.

For large, illustrated prospectus write the manager, Bon Echo Inn, Bon Echo P.O., Frontenac Co., Ontario.



Arctic Brotherhood, a secret order that has since become a very large and influential Alaska organization.

"I've just bought my ticket, and it's three miles to the wharf, and my boat leaves in an hour," protested Kerry.

"There'll be another boat in a few days," was the assuring reply.  
They stripped him of his coat, his waistcoat and his collar, and turned up his trousers, because, they said, it was raining over the Circle. They then led him into the lodge-room. After they had shown him the aurora borealis, and had ridden him on the mountain goat, they told him that he would have to climb Chilkoot Pass. A 220-pound man fastened himself to his back and started him up a steep, crooked incline. The blindfold had slipped, so that Kerry saw the situation. He turned and jumped, kangaroo fashion. The fat man struck the floor. Kerry was out of the door in an instant, leaving half his woolen shirt in the hand of a miner, who was a "little too short in his reach."

While two doctors, a dentist and a deputy United States marshal were striving to bring the fat man back to consciousness, the rest of the Arctic Brothers gave chase and ran Kerry the three miles to the wharf. But they didn't quite catch him. When Kerry was asked in Seattle what he thought of Alaska, he replied: "It's a great country; but the most satisfactory view I ever had of it was from the stern of a steamboat coming away!"

He had been in Seattle but a week when a millowner offered him a salary of \$5,000 a year to manage his mill.

"No," said Kerry, "I'm broke now, but there's too much money loose and I can't afford to work for wages."  
A few days later he began a retail coal business. Then he built a sawmill. Although this mill also was burned two and a half years later, he had in the meantime bought large bodies of standing timber, made successful investments in real estate and accumulated important income-bearing properties. He now has a new sawmill with all modern devices. His several interests and his property have made him one of the rich men of the State of Washington, all within five years, and he is not yet forty.

### The Small Son's Decision.

A Baptist and a Methodist minister were by accident dining at the same house. As they took their seats there was an embarrassed pause, the hostess not knowing how to ask one minister to save grace without offending the other.

The small son quickly grasped the situation and half rising in his chair, moved his finger rapidly around the table reciting, "Eeny meeny miny mo, catch a nigger by the toe." He ended by pointing his finger at the Baptist minister and shouting, "You're it!"

## The Queen's Royal Hotel

at NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE

is now open for the season.

Automobile Garage with all accessories.

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Agents for  
Johnson's  
Floor  
Preparations  
Send for Booklet "How to  
Treat Hardwood Floors"

886 Yonge Street,  
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## DR. CHARLES FLESH FOOD



For the Form and Complexion  
Has been successfully used by leading actresses, singers and women of fashion for more than 20 years.

Wherever applied it is instantly absorbed through the pores of the skin and its wonderful nutrition feeds the wasting tissues.

**REMOVING WRINKLES**  
as if by magic, one application often showing a remarkable improvement.

Dr. Charles' Flesh Food is positively the only preparation known to medical science that will round out hollows in the neck and produce firm, healthy flesh on thin cheeks, arms and hands.

**For Developing the Bust**  
or breasts, shrunken from nursing; it has the highest indorsement of physicians. Two boxes are often sufficient to make the bust firm, large and beautiful.

SOLD BY DEPARTMENT STORES AND DRUGGISTS.

Regular price, \$1.00 a box, but to all who take advantage of this SPECIAL OFFER and send us one dollar, we will send two (2) boxes, in plain wrapper.

FREE A sample box and our book, "Art of Massage," fully illustrated, will be sent free to any lady sending 10 cents to pay for cost of mailing. Address:

DR. CHARLES CO., 109 FULTON ST., NEW YORK.



## Gerhard Heintzman Pianos

All the work in the world is directly and immediately undertaken for the maintenance and betterment of the home.

Musically, no refined home is complete without Canada's best piano.

### Gerhard Heintzman

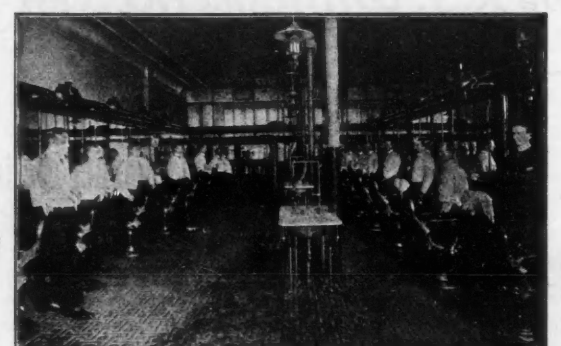
which can be purchased on easy terms and will prove much the cheaper piano in the end.

Have you seen the wonderful self-player, the "Apollo?" Anyone can play it. Send for catalogue and printed matter.

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**14—BARBERS—14**  
J. R. BEAMISH  
9 Richmond St. West, Toronto.

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Sailing Yachts, Dinghies, Pleasure Craft of every kind.  
The heat is the cheapest—Give our boats a trial.  
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You have the choice of the largest stock in Canada. We also can make to order any style Bag, using your own fittings.

Prices—  
**\$14.00 to \$75.00**

Catalogue "S" is mailed free. We pay express in Ontario.

**Julian Sale**  
Leather Goods Co. Limited  
105 KING ST. WEST



Mrs. Alfred Denison sails from Liverpool to-day for Montreal.

At the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, the season of summer enjoyment is at its height, bridge, golf, tennis and dancing filling in the week. The roads near Niagara are so delightful for the automobilist that the way to Queenston is usually fragrant with the passing touring car. On Wednesday night the shirt waist dance takes place weekly and on Saturday there is usually an extra attendance of Toronto yachting parties and the United States officers from Fort Niagara. Among the Toronto people at the Queen's Royal are Mr. H. H. Suydam, Mr. A. E. Chatterton and Mrs. Chatterton, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Webb, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Barnard, Mr. and Mrs. M. Medland, Miss Hill, Mr. G. G. E. Ffolkes, Miss J. Johnson, Mr. Kingsley, Mr. C. M. Easton, Miss Prince, Mr. H. H. Garratt, Mr. N. Macleod, Mr. H. Cartwright, Mr. W. D. Macleod, Mr. A. C. Gillespie, Mr. G. W. E. Gillespie, Mr. Donald Braid, Mr. Ralph Hees, Mr. C. A. B. Brown, Mr. George Higginbotham, Mr. Duncan Coulson, Mr. H. F. Ryan, Mrs. W. P. Fraser, Mrs. Brock, Miss Brock, Mr. and Mrs. H. Brock, Miss Mildred Brock, Mr. G. Stimson, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Pison, Mr. W. C. Carr, Mrs. Boddy, Captain White, Mrs. Walker, Miss Walker, Mr. J. D. Bolton, Mr. N. Kennedy.

The ladies of Center Island are arranging an entertainment in aid of the fund for the repairing and painting of St. Andrew's Church on the Island. This will take the form of a fête and will be held on Hooper avenue on Tuesday, August 15, from 4 o'clock to 10:30 p.m. There will be twenty-five attractions on the avenue, including ice cream gardens, tea gardens, candy booth, fancy table, Gypsy fortune-tellers, vegetable cart, Japanese booth, Rebecca at the well, fish pond, dairy, flower booth, pop-corn table, tulip bed, touch-and-take table, household table—where you may buy your pickles and jellies and such good things; wooden and tinware table, and gentlemen's booth, where the young men can buy all of their good furnishings; toy booth, where large and small dollies can be found awake and asleep. An orchestra will be in attendance from 6 o'clock to 10 p.m.

A large number of Ottawa's popular young men in social and athletic circles were in town this week, returning from the Canadian Henley, including Messrs. Dey Finnie, Darcy McGee, Montague Bate, Rupert Nicholls, F. McGee, W. Hogg, Fritz Ridley, P. J. Baskerville, R. Lewis, W. Gilmour, Harvey Pulford and O. B. Haycock. They had a splendid time with their Toronto friends.

Mr. Howard B. Carper, barrister, of Winnipeg, is spending a week in town. He stroked the Winnipeg four which won senior honors at the Royal Canadian Henley, and is one of the Prairie City's most popular young men.

Mr. and Mrs. Hendrie of Holmstead, Hamilton, are at Saratoga; Mr. and Mrs. W. Hendrie, jr., are spending three weeks on a house-boat on Lake Nipissing; Miss Hendrie has left for Alberta to visit her sister, Mrs. Eckford.

The war canoe crew of the I. A. A. A. went to Orillia last Friday and spent Sunday at Orchard Point, Lake Simcoe. Last Monday the annual regatta of the Orillia Canoe Club was held at Couchiching Beach with an attendance of thousands of spectators. The war canoe race was the finest, it is reported, ever seen on Lake Couchiching, and to the great delight of Torontonians, the boys of the I. A. A. A. won by about a length. Mr. Reg Blomfield of the Toronto Canoe Club also won in several of the events, so that the city was well and successfully represented.

The twelfth annual regatta of the Muskoka Lakes Association was held at Muskoka last Monday, and the crowd surpassed all former occasions, even when the regatta was held at "Giddy, Giddy Sandfield." The day could not have been more favorable, and the breeze for sailing was all that the heart of a yachtsman could desire. Boats of all sizes and styles crowded the waters and here and there the Stars and Stripes gave international coloring to the scene. Rowboats, dinghies, canoes, steam yachts and gasoline launches made veteran Muskoka campers reflect on the changes since some of them went up in the "eighties," long before there was such an event as a regatta.

Mrs. Harry Chown of Winnipeg and her two little sons are at the Queen's Hotel.

The festivities to be held at Quebec during the coming week are such as even the "City of the Citadel" has not often seen. His Serene Highness Prince Louis of Battenberg is the guest of honor, and the Provincial Government is to give a ball next Monday night which will eclipse all former events, and for which six thousand invitations have already been issued. The ball is to be held in Parliament House and the grounds are to be artistically decorated and illuminated for the occasion. Their Excellencies the Governor-General and Countess Grey will give a State Ball at the Citadel viceregal quarters. There will also be a State dinner, and the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Louis Jetté, will give a dinner at Spencerwood in honor of Prince Louis. It is probable that His Serene Highness and the officers of the fleet, in return for these courtesies, will give a ball on board the flagship H.M.S. Drake. There will be a naval review and public illuminations during the week. The monument erected to the volunteer soldiers of Quebec

who lost their lives in South Africa will be unveiled by His Excellency, which will be the occasion for a naval and military demonstration.

Mr. J. R. Loftus Henegan of Boston, who has lately been visiting in St. Catharines, spent a few days this week at the King Edward. After he leaves Canada, Mr. Henegan will go to Newport, where he will be the guest of Mr. Harry Lehr.

The "garden festival" held last Saturday night at Mrs. Kilner's, Ward's Island, was eminently enjoyable and resulted in a large sum being obtained for the Fresh Air Fund. The lawn of the Minnehaha House was prettily decorated with colored lights, and the Japanese tea garden was an artistic scene where picturesque costumes of the land of the kimono added to the effect.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dyas and Mr. Arthur Dyas of Center Island are enjoying a trip through Muskoka.

The Marylebone cricketers are a delightful crowd of jolly young Englishmen, who have proved all too skilful for our local players. They were entertained at dinner last Monday by the Royal Canadian Yacht Club.

The drowning accidents this year are painfully frequent, and among the most deplorable of these was the fatality which occurred near Port Carling last Saturday, when Mr. E. T. Hayes of Beeton, a recent graduate of Toronto University, was drowned while bathing.

Miss Clara Lacey of Rochester is spending a month in Toronto, visiting friends.



**THE TRIANGULAR COAT.**  
Manager—That coat looks shabby. Why don't you have it turned?  
Old Pro.—And do you think, sir-r-r, this coat has three sides?

**Nimble Animals.**  
Although the flea holds the record for agility of movement among insects and is capable of a speed of nearly ten miles an hour, could it continue jumping without cessation and without tiring, it has but little the better of the jumping mouse found in the African deserts, which clears ten feet at a jump at the rate of eight hundred feet a second. Compared with these, the larger animals are sloths, for the ostrich moves ninety-eight feet a second, the gazelle eighty feet, and the Russian boardhound, swiftest among dogs, covers only seventy-five feet a second. The swallow, fastest among birds, covers only four hundred feet in a second, or just one-half what the African mouse could accomplish were the latter to sustain its efforts.

**Wind in Wires a Barometer.**  
The telegraph operator pulled up his horse.

"Hark!" he said.  
The wind in the roadside wires gave forth a shrill sound, a note menacing and sad.

"Do you hear that?" the man asked.  
"That is a sign of a violent storm. Whenever you hear it look out for weather troubles—a snow squall in the winter, a terrific downpour with a thunder and lightning accompaniment in the summer."

"The sound of the wind in the wires makes a good barometer. I have used it as a barometer for two years and it hasn't failed me once. A scientist from Germany told me about it. He said that the variations of the sound were due to the expansion and contraction of the wires that changing atmospheric conditions caused."

"A deep or bass sound of considerable strength means showery weather within twenty-four hours. A shrill sound, as I said before, means violent storms. A mild hum means continued clear."

"Now we'll drive on. Git up thar."

**The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.**

**Births**  
BIRGE—Cleveland, Ohio, August 7, Mrs. (Dr.) Russell Hall Birge, a son.  
BURT—Collingwood, July 30, Mrs. F. H. Burt, a daughter.  
CARPENTER—Gamebridge, August 8, Mrs. H. S. Carpenter, a son.  
DAVIDSON—Toronto, August 8, Mrs. Edward G. Davidson, a son (still-born).  
HARCOURT—Regina, Assa, July 31, Mrs. George Harcourt, a son.  
HODGINS—Toronto, August 4, Mrs. W. H. Hodgins, a son.  
KNAPP—Mimico, August 7, Mrs. Edgar Hay Knapp, a son.  
KEITH—Toronto, August 6, Mrs. George A. Keith, a daughter.  
MILLAR—Frank, Alta, August 2, Mrs. Bryce Millar, a son.  
OLIVER—Toronto, August 8, Mrs. Thomas Oliver, a son (still-born).  
PEACOCK—Mansfield, August 5, Mrs. (Rev.) J. M. Peacock, a son.  
SCARTH—August 9, Mrs. J. F. Scarth, a daughter.  
STEPHENSON—Toronto, August 5, Mrs. George E. Stephenson, a daughter.  
TURNBULL—Galt, August 1, Mrs. W. S. Turnbull, a daughter.

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Do you want a steady annual income for life and a legacy for your heirs?

If so, join with us in planting rubber. Do not worry about the time it takes to bring it into bearing. Every plantation that has been well managed has paid twice as much from side crops as you would get in any ordinary investment here, and in addition to that we have several million dollars' worth of mahogany and Spanish cedar, worth \$100 per M. in the world's markets, besides over twenty varieties of other valuable woods, and still another profit from land sales, which will all be available as dividends, as we are selling Treasury Stock to develop the property.

We have bought an immense tract of land, 130,000 acres, at such a low figure that we are selling it for our shareholders at nearly 50 per cent. advance already, without the timber. When the rubber comes in our profits will be doubled several times over.

It is absolutely impossible to lose your capital, because the land and timber have an actual value of at least ten times the amount paid, while the rubber in bearing at once increases the value to \$1,000 per acre. We give the small investor an opportunity to obtain as good returns as the largest capitalist could secure. Send for Prospectus.

**Chimalapa Land Company**  
Eighty-eight to Ninety Yonge Street  
TORONTO, CANADA

WARDEN—Toronto, August 3, Mrs. Alexander Warden, a daughter.

### Marriages

BARCLAY—SCOTT—At Davisville, on Tuesday, August 8, 1905, by Rev. J. C. Tibb, Clara, youngest daughter of Mr. David Scott, to James Alexander Barclay of Toronto.  
COLLINS—STEWART—Toronto, August 9, Isabella Stewart to Joel Collins.  
GRACEY—CHARLES—Bartie, August 2, Norah Hughes Charles to John Gracey.  
HOGARTH—WHITFIELD—Whitby, August 2, Martha Whitfield to George H. Hogarth, B.A.  
HAYES—WILSON—Toronto, August 8, Inez Minetta Hayes to Ewart Gladstone Wilson.  
LEAK—WILKINSON—Midland, August 9, Annie Douglas Wilkinson to Herbert Arthur Leak.  
MACFARLANE—MACFARLANE—North Bay, July 31, Edith Helene Macfarlane to John Walter Macfarlane.  
RIXON—MATTHEWS—Meaford, August 2, Rosa Margaret Mathews to Thomas Francis Rixon.  
SULLIVAN—FINLAY—Toronto, August 5, Emma Maude Finlay to Hugh Sullivan.  
WINLOW—DUDLEY—Vancouver, B.C., August 1, Alice M. P. Dudley to Frederick J. N. Winlow.

### Deaths

BRADSHAW—Toronto, August 3, Mrs. Catherine Bradshaw, aged 84 years.  
EARL—Toronto, August 3, John B. Earl, aged 53 years.  
ECKARDT—Toronto, August 2, Howard Memory Eckardt, aged 15 months.  
EWENS—Toronto Junction, Mary Evelyn Ewens, aged 7 weeks.  
FLEMING—Toronto, August 9, Joseph Fleming, aged 87 years.  
FLEMING—Markham, William Fleming, aged 64 years.  
HOGG—Toronto, August 9, William Hogg, aged 77 years.  
HILL—Toronto, July 24, Anna Maria Hill, aged 82 years.  
KNAPP—Mimico, August 7, Edgar Beemer Knapp, infant.  
MAGUIRE—Toronto, August 8, Mrs. Lydia Maguire, aged 73 years.  
PACKHAM—Brampton, August 3, Mrs. James Packham, aged 69 years and 8 months.  
PICKERING—Guelph, August 3, David Pickering.  
STEWART—Collingwood, August 6, Thomas Ellis Stewart, aged 23 years and 8 months.  
SCOTT—Brantford, August 9, John Laird Scott, aged 54 years.  
WOOLNER—Berlin, August 8, Mrs. Lydia Watson Woolner, aged 74 years, 9 months and 15 days.  
WADE—Sarnia, August 9, Mrs. Charles A. Wade.

## Superfluous Hair

Removed by the New Principle  
**De Miraculis**  
A revelation to modern science. It is the only scientific and practical way to destroy hair. Don't waste time experimenting with electrolysis, X-ray and depilatories. These are offered you on the HAIR WORLD of the operators and many failures. De Miraculis is not. It is the only method which is endorsed by physicians, surgeons, dermatologists, medical journals and prominent magazines. Booklet free, in plain sealed envelope. De Miraculis mailed, sealed in plain wrapper, for \$1.00 by De Miraculis Chemical Co., 915 Park Ave., New York. Your money back without question (not red tape) if it fails to do all that is claimed for it. For sale by all first-class drug stores, department stores and  
**The Robert Simpson Co., Limited, Toronto.**

## 5000 TELEGRAPHERS NEEDED

Annually to fill the new positions created by Railroad and Telegraph Companies. We want Young Men and Ladies of good habits to  
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